Saturday Night

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GENERAL ALFRED H. GRUENTHER: The state of the reserves.

The Front Page

According to General Alfred H. Gruenther, the military reserve system of the United States is one of the weakest in the entire North Atlantic Treaty Organization. He is in a good position to judge, being the Supreme Commander of NATO's forces in Europe.

Pointing out that European nations must have reserves ready for action in a matter of days, he said that it would take many months to whip U.S. National Guard and reserve units into shape fit for battle, "an unacceptable situation in a jet-atomic age". One of his military colleagues added a grim postscript: sending untrained troops into battle is "nothing less than cold-blooded murder".

All this has a wearily familiar sound to Canadians, who have seen untrained troops pushed into two world wars because of a military system that provides neither for adequate peacetime preparation nor for an equal distribution of responsibility for national service—a system that persists, even after the bloody lessons of the first half of this century, because of political timidity and inertia. If General Gruenther was critical of what was

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA
By Ivor Brown: Page 7

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MORE THAN A NEW CAR . . . A NEW CONCEPT OF LOW COST MOTORING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

being done in the United States, he would be damning if he were free to talk about the situation in Canada.

Canada's permanent army amounts to little more than a token force that must rely on voluntary enlistments to maintain its strength. The reserve units, which also depend on volunteers, theoretically form a framework for rapid mobilization of a large number of men who need only advanced training to make them ready for battle. In reality, the framework is only a rickety skeleton, with little sinew to hold it together.

If it is worthwhile for Canada to have a strong, decently-trained reserve, the job should be done properly, with the responsibility for this national service distributed fairly through all classes. If it is not worthwhile, if it is our intention to train only a cadre of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, let the reserve program be frankly and intelligently revised. At present we're kidding only ourselves with our wasteful hypocrisy.

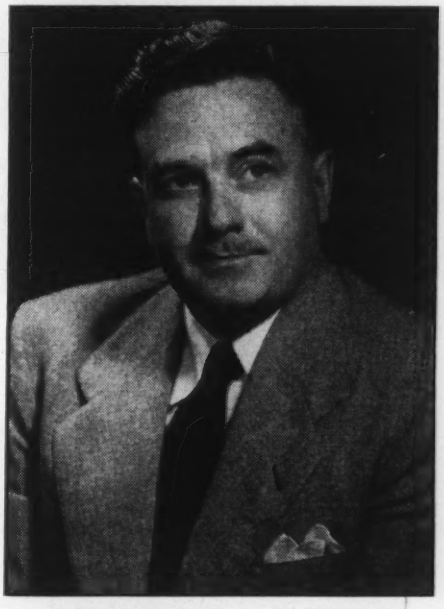
The Years Ahead

WHAT WILL our planet be like in the 21st century? Recently the British Royal Society of Arts made this question the subject for competition and speculation. Most of the hopes held out for the future, we must admit, left us with little more than the hope that we shall not be around to enjoy them. For instance: education will be conducted through games, therapy and hypnotism; physical pain and emotional disturbances will be dispelled by an advanced use of hypnotism; traffic problems will be solved by overhead expressways and mail will be delivered by rocket (and if the noise overhead disturbs you emotionally, call the hypnotist); all food will be put into capsules, all clothes will be uniform and functional, all social relationships, even all zippers, will be faultlessly regulated. One seer even foresaw the time when human beings would develop two heads to deal with their civilization, one for planning and one for dreaming, but this, we think, is pure fantasy; our guess is that they won't need either.

The Three E's

WE HAD a lesson the other day in the three "E's" of road safety—engineering, enforcement, education—from C. W. Gilchrist, managing director of the Canadian Good Roads' Association. No matter what we asked him about Canada's road-building needs or toll roads or financing road development, we always came back to safety. "Safety on the roads is the policy of the Assocation," he told us. "When I talk about toll roads, or federal aid I'm giving you my own views.

"I think what we really need is an integrated policy of road-building and we could very well study the situation in the United States in this regard. They've got a problem of states' rights just as we've got a problem of provincial rights, but their $101 billion plan for highway development is predicated on states' rights. Canadians, both lawmakers and private citizens should study this and perhaps adapt it to our particular conditions. You see, there has never been a federal contribution to road-building, outside of small relief projects during the depression, until Trans-Canada in 1949. Trans-Canada runs out in 1956 but only the three prairie provinces will have completed their program by that time.



C. W. GILCHRIST: Policy needed.

"In the States they are counting on 80 million vehicles on the roads by 1965. There are no statistics for Canada, but we can probably count on a tenth of that. As it is, we could move the whole population of Canada right now with our present vehicles and not have more than five to a machine. One difficulty of our lack of planning has been that by and large across the country road revenues were not earmarked for road construction. That doesn't mean that most provinces haven't spent the equivalent of their intake; many have spent more.

"Toll roads? There are few places in Canada where the toll road is applicable. But generally we're taking a realistic approach. BC has enabling legislation. Quebec and Ontario are both studying them. Quebec is likely to have the first one. Actually we pay the equivalent of tolls in our higher gas taxes. They are very desirable if free roads are also available. And that brings up the question of whether the money would be released for secondary roads that would not be needed for the tolls which pay for their own upkeep. Toll roads generate their own traffic so that it is difficult to predict what the density is likely to be. And of course, their safety factor is terrific. They're patrolled, their speed limits are adhered to, you can drive on them for hours without hearing a horn blow.

"But you can build the safest road and still get fools killing themselves. We need more enforcement personnel; we need to pay them better. Our licensing procedures are sadly inadequate. In some provinces you can walk in with a white cane and a seeing-eye dog and get a licence. And we need a course in driver training in our secondary schools. I'd rather have my son know something about a motor vehicle than how to turn a candlestick on a lathe. There we are again. You can't get away from them—education, enforcement, engineering. That's what we need."

Divorce Bill

WITH THE introduction of a bill by Senator Walter Aseltine, the effort to put some sense into Canada's divorce laws has been renewed. It is doubtful if it will be any more successful than previous attempts, but at least it serves to remind the legislators that they are doing nothing to cure a festering condition.

There cannot be a single member of either the Senate or the Commons who is so removed from reality that he does not understand how justice is being mocked and morality perverted by the present procedure governing dissolution of marriages. Newspapers in the large cities carry daily lists of people who have obtained decrees of divorcement, and reading these lists, an outsider would be justified in concluding that adultery was one of Canada's most popular indoor sports, since this is the only legal reason for ending a marriage in seven of the ten provinces—cruelty is an added cause in Nova Scotia, while Quebec and Newfoundland dump the whole sorry mess in the lap of Parliament. Actually, of course, there is at least as much perjury as adultery; husband and wife agree that their union must end and one or the other fakes the necessary "evidence". It is a dirty, cynical business from start to finish, but at present it cannot be avoided.

Senator Aseltine would enlarge the grounds for divorce to include cruelty, insanity and desertion; no petition for divorce could be made until three years after marriage, except in extreme cases or for adultery; a wife could obtain a decree if her husband had been found guilty of rape, sodomy or bestiality. It is a good bill, even though it makes no provision for ending the absurd procedure whereby

The Front Page

Parliament turns itself into a divorce mill for the benefit of mis-mated couples living in Newfoundland and Quebec. But there are too many parliamentarians terrified of embroiling themselves or their parties in a bitter, inter-provincial controversy to give such a bill as this a good chance of survival.

Reform of the divorce laws would probably be achieved more quickly if the provinces undertook the job themselves. It would be a piecemeal method and would undoubtedly lead to legal complications, but at least it would mean that a start had been made on cleaning up a disgraceful situation.

Jolly Bankers

ONE OF THE more pleasant developments of recent years (and there have been a few, thank goodness) is the growing jollity of bankers. This has been increasingly apparent in the bank advertisements, which not so long ago were as austere, impeccable and stiff as boiled shirts on a clothesline in midwinter but now overflow with charm, goodwill and gaiety—an improvement that could be attributed to some inspired copywriter were it not for the puckish sense of fun displayed by the bankers themselves. Just the other day, for example, the Canadian Bank of Commerce elected to its directorate Einar M. Gunderson, former finance minister in British Columbia's Social Credit government and still, according to statements attributed to him by West Coast newspapers, a firm believer in his party's principles. On the face of it, the Bank has taken to its bosom a man dedicated to a system of manipulating money that gives any orthodox banker the screaming meemies. The jest, however, is not quite so rich as that. Social Crediters, when they step into offices of responsibility, seem to undergo a curious change; they become cautious conservatives. Mr. Gunderson, always a pretty hard-boiled man with a balance sheet, will undoubtedly feel more at home at a board meeting than at a convention of the disciples of Douglas.

At Lambaréné

THE PROBLEM of making a better mousetrap has probably never occupied the thoughts of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, philosopher, musician, medical missionary, Nobel Prize winner. But if the world has not literally beaten a path to his door, it is only because he has chosen to live in a pretty inaccessible part of it —5 miles south of the equator, 150 miles from the coast of French Equatorial Africa.

"But it's not quite so inaccessible now as when I first went there in 1948," Mrs. Hanna Oberman told us a while ago. "It took a month and 23 days by boat then. Now you can fly from Amsterdam to Lambaréné in two days. When Dr. Schweitzer heard about the airport, he said, 'How horrible! Now my quiet is gone', but I don't think he feels that way about it now. For one thing the medicines he needs can come in so much more quickly." Mrs. Oberman, a quiet-voiced Dutch woman with twinkling eyes and a dimpled cheek, is the secretary of the Association of the Friends of Albert Schweitzer in Holland and is in Canada to raise money for his work.

"I first learned about Dr. Schweitzer's

Ashley & Crippen

MRS. HANNA OBERMAN

work in 1927. I wrote to him and when he came to Rotterdam, where my husband was a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, he visited us and ever since then he has stayed with us when he has been there. After my husband's death and my family were grown up—I have 19 grandchildren—I decided to go to Lambaréné to see this work for myself. I went for a six-weeks visit in 1948 and stayed seven months. In 1953-54 I was back for eight months and I hope to return this year with a contribution to help in the building of the new leper hospital.

"What do I do at Lambaréné? Everything. You can't be there without working. The doctor works so hard — every day, from six-thirty in the morning till midnight or long after — in the hospital, the gardens, the plantations, the building. He is everywhere and sees everything. Nothing escapes him. Sometimes he is so busy that he does not even get the usual hour for his music and on a day like that he is unhappy. Sometimes you will hear him play for five or ten minutes in the middle of the day and then the natives will say, 'Be silent. The doctor plays.' If you knew nothing about his philosophy, one day at Lambaréné would teach you. Reverence for life is implicit in everything he does. Erica Anderson, the photographer, was there last year when I was and I like what she says about him in the preface to her book: that he shows in his every action man's belief in man, a compassion for individuals in a day of mass hatreds. He gives himself in perfect practical service to his fellowmen and I am happy to help in this way."

The Bent Note

PEOPLE WHO may have wondered how the bellowers, mumblers and moaners of popular songs get that way will doubtless be happy to know that it's all quite deliberate. We have it on the word (transmitted by a publicity man, of course) of a gentleman named Phil Moore, described as "one of America's leading vocal coaches", that if a singer wants to be a big name, a wiggle, a dimple or a plunging neckline is not enough. "It's the sound that counts," Mr. Moore says. "Bend a note, hold it too long, fall off it, slur it, grind your teeth, sob, shout, plead, whisper—do anything, but don't be perfect." Perfection is never attained in any of the arts. Still, it's a fascinating thought that all over the continent there are Young Singers who want to be Big Names diligently studying techniques of planned imperfection.

Laws and Enforcement

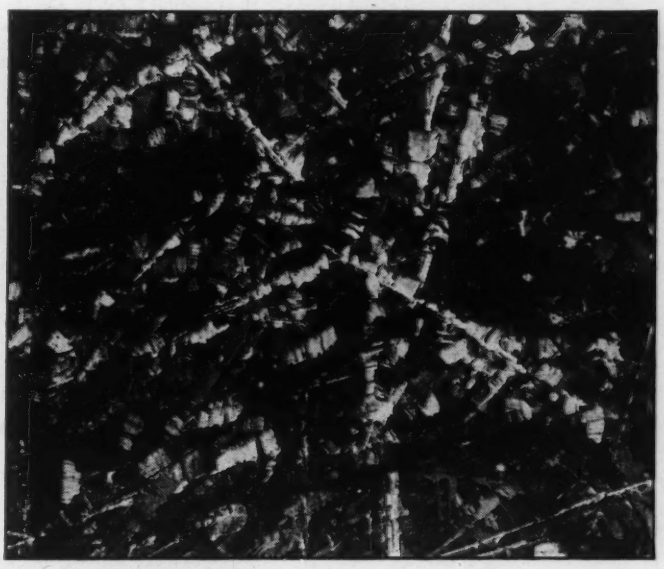
ONTARIO'S legislators have been giving an extraordinary amount of attention to the province's formidable traffic problem. After months of investigation and study, a special committee of the Legislature produced a report with a great many recommendations (most of them sound), and other members of the provincial parliament have hastened to add their suggestions and opinions. Their concern is justified. The dreadful annual loss of life, health and property on Ontario's clogged roads is greater than that of all other provinces combined. There has been an urgent need for a harsher Highway Traffic Act.

No matter how strict a law may be, however, it means nothing if it is not enforced. It has been obvious for some time that the Ontario Provincial Police needed more men and more money; there has been considerable discontent in the OPP about pay and working conditions. The police officers have done a remarkably good job, considering their lack of numbers and of incentive to ambitious young men to make the force their careers. If the legislators hope to make their regulations effective, they must give some thought to the machinery of enforcement.

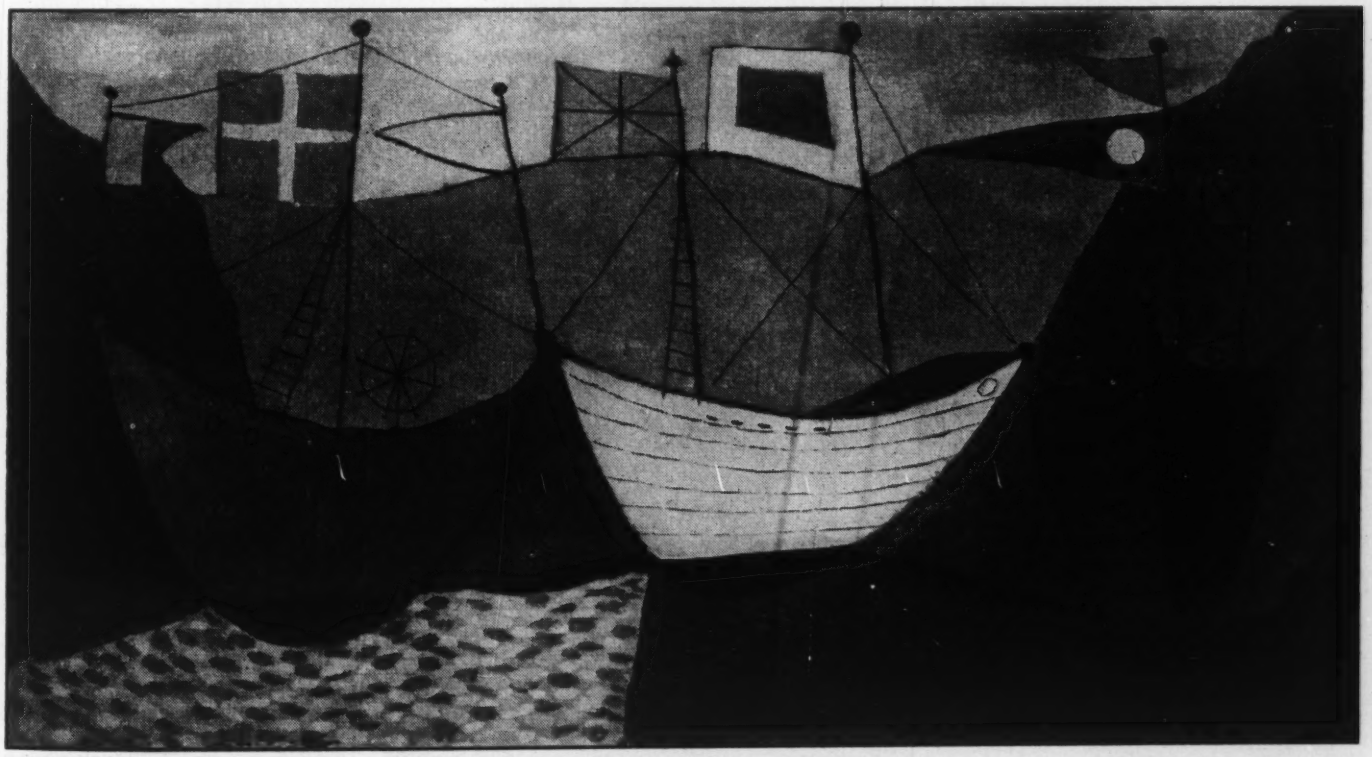
The National Gallery's Selection

Controversial Art Chosen to Represent Canada in Europe and U.S.

The National Gallery of Canada recently sent abroad the work of three Canadian painters to represent this country's art and show its surrealist and fantastic elements. Fifty-year-old Paul-Emile Borduas was one whose work was chosen. His "La cavale infernale", was painted in 1943. Borduas was born at Saint Hilaire, Quebec, and now divides his time between Montreal and New York, where he has held several successful exhibitions. His work is intensely personal.



The most subjective of the three painters chosen by the National Gallery is Jean-Paul Riopelle. "Tocsin", painted in 1953, is characteristic of his vividly colored, agitated designs. Thirty-two-year-old Riopelle has won international recognition during the past few years for his frenzied abstract canvases. He now holds a Canadian Government Fellowship, and is painting in Paris where he is ranked high among young painters. His pictures are in major galleries.



After being shown at Venice in the international art exhibition, the National Gallery selection was shown at the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington through January. Paintings by B. C. Binning are as quiet in pattern as the Riopelle abstracts are hectic. One of British Columbia's best known modernists, Binning painted "Convoy Rendezvous" in 1948. Born at Medicine Hat, Alberta, he is a professor in the Architectural Department at the University of BC.

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No Bar to Understanding Words Across the Sea

By IVOR BROWN

IT IS SOMETIMES suggested that the American English and British English languages are drifting far apart and that, before very long, we shall find it difficult to communicate. Recently I took part in one of those trans-Atlantic Radio Conversations, which necessitate sitting with a head-phone clapped on the skull and ears for an hour or more, answering, without script, the questions kindly propelled by a Host, as the Chairman is called, three thousand miles away. The subject under discussion was this matter of our supposedly divagating languages.

What struck me, and possibly also struck my distinguished colleague in cranial harness, Bertrand Russell, was that Clifton Fadiman and Jacques Barzun in New York were speaking exactly the same lingo as ourselves. Our reception of the noises made was good on the whole, and never for a minute did we have to feel that we were baffled as to meaning. All four of us were using the same words, to mean the same thing.

I can see no evidence whatever that minor differences of spelling and pronunciation get in the way of mutual comprehension. What does it matter whether one writes Labour or Labor, Theatre or Theater? American English is rather more formal and classical than English English and employs more syllables. Doubtless our fellow-talkers in New York would have called this head-phone colloquy a difficult assignment, whereas Russell and myself would have called it a difficult job. When it was over, we, in the BBC building, would depart by asking the attendant to work the lift, whereas the American party would request somebody to operate the elevator. But such trifling distinctions are no barrier to understanding.

It is a curious fact that some of the few words which are differently employed on the different sides of the ocean are signs that the Americans have preserved words and meanings taken over as part of the luggage of the Pilgrim Fathers and their successors. They are not, on the whole, important words, but they have their interest. Card-players in England talk nowadays of a pack of cards, while Shakespeare wrote of "a deck" ("The king is slyly fingered from the deck"). That, I believe, is still current usage across the Atlantic.

The British no longer apply the word pump to a shoe; a woman, seeking unlaced, strapless shoes, would ask for Court shoes in London, but in New York (and possibly Toronto) she would demand pumps. This is the term employed by Shakespeare for shoes. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Bottom bids his fellow amateur actors get their apparel together "with new ribbons to their pumps" for what was indeed "a shoe-string production". Pump is also used for shoe in *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Taming of the Shrew*.

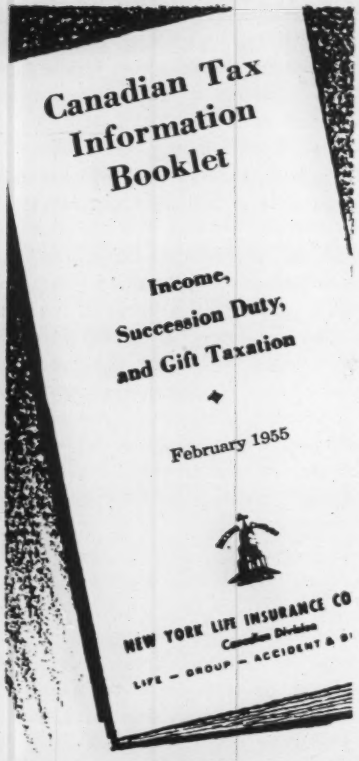
There are many such American survivals. Sidewalk, for example, is old English, but new English talks of a pavement, a foolish term since any surface can be paved, whereas the term sidewalk is an accurate explanation of what the thing actually is and of what protective service it provides. Most English people of today would regard "beat it" for "go" as an Americanism, but it was used by Ben Johnson.

It certainly "beats me" that anybody can believe our languages to be falling asunder. Before writing this article I read carefully numbers of Toronto's SATURDAY NIGHT and of New York's *Saturday Review* and *New Yorker*. Never did I find a word or a sentence that was unintelligible and it is a ludicrous suggestion that an Englishman would find the admirable English of Robertson Davies or John Mason Brown anything but the lucid, graceful, and vigorous usage of a vocabulary that has general application. Nor when I settle to one of the great daily papers of the American continent am I for a moment perplexed. An occasional word may slip in which is not in use on my side of the water, for example, "picayune", meaning of little cost or well-nigh worthless.

Language, then, on the higher level, is one and indivisible. Dialect and slang will always tend to be local and even parochial and presumably the argot of Toronto is different from that of San Francisco, as the argot of London diverges radically from that of Lancashire or Yorkshire. Various professions have varying jargons of their own and I would not pretend that the lingo employed by the New York Journal of Show Business called *Variety* is not very various indeed. One has occasionally to ponder on a phrase or abbreviation in its columns in order to appreciate the vividness or humor of the "locution". But, again, this is a trifle.

Nor does pronunciation raise any great difficulty. The difference between English and American in verbal sound is much less than the difference between English and Scottish ways of utterance. England and Scotland are separated by 300 miles, England and America by 3,000.

GUYS AND DOLLS: The Runyon lingo has classical antecedents.



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But a traveller from London would be more likely to understand the remarks of a porter in a New York railway station than those of a porter in Glasgow. This is partly due to the fact that the greatest contributor to trans-Atlantic communications is the industry of entertainment. In this sphere the Western World is dominant. The arrival of "the talkies" more than a quarter of a century ago meant the arrival of American talk. At least two-thirds of the films seen and heard by millions of British audiences every week are made in America with chiefly American players and those audiences have long ceased to find any difficulty in interpreting the dialogue.

So far has the American conquest of Show Business and Screen Business proceeded that the young British of today actually imitate American accents when they set out to be popular singers or entertainers. A year or two ago I was taken to an East End tavern beside the London Docks where I was told that I would hear a real Londoners' sing-song among the beer-mugs. What actually happened was that the young Cockneys—I still use the word Cockney which has almost vanished—applied their mouths to a microphone, although the room was quite small and a "mike" quite unnecessary. They then moaned and crooned imported Tin Pan Alley songs in American accents.

This may be distressing to British patriots, but it is a hard, inescapable fact that Show Business language is becoming indivisibly American, while writing and speaking on the political and literary levels remains indivisibly English. I have listened in London on the sound radio to a producer whose function is to present Discoveries, that is, juveniles who are mastering, or are supposed to be mastering, musical instruments or the art of song. The young Britons who were thus put forward as candidates for glory, usually with slender justification, showed a distinct preference for the American accent when they introduced their "acts" and then set out to prove themselves of Danny Kaye quality or Sinatra status.

American "musicals" with largely American casts have been for some years sovereign in the lighter theatre. Thus the Damon Runyon lingo of *Guys and Dolls* and similar revels is familiar and not at all baffling to British ears. Mention of *Guys and Dolls* reminds me that allusion to the greatness of "guy" was made by a Scottish poet, writing in praise of England, four hundred and fifty years ago. In his great ode to the English capital, with its refrain, "London, thou art the flour of Cities all", William Dunbar paid particular honor to the Lord Mayor, "Principall patrone and rose orygynalle, above all Maires", even those of "Parys, Venyce or Floraunce". He added that this civic holder of the sword of justice was an example, lode-star and guye. A guy was a leader or prop, and that meaning has survived in the guy rope of a ship or a tent.

Presumably the great guy so enthusiastically hymned by Dunbar had his doll. A doll for a bright young person, feminine, is 18th century English and was employed by the eminent Emerson in contrasting the virtues of a sturdy country lad with those of "a city Doll". So Runyon was with the classics in his naming of the Broadway boys and girls.

I have mentioned the considerable linguistic difficulties encountered by the Englishman in Scotland, and suggested that these are much greater than those of an Englishman in Canada or the U.S.A. I myself am a Scot in blood but not in residence; I visit Scotland much and can read my Burns with less appeal to the glossary than is usual. But in a Glasgow music-hall I can be completely at a loss to get the drift of the comedian's patter. This is partly because of a strange vocabulary and partly because of an even stranger accent—or rather series of accents. Glasgow is only forty miles from Edinburgh, but the accents and pitch of speech are widely separated: the Glasgow people mumble out of their chests, while the Edinburgh folk seem to speak out of the tops of their heads, so fluty is their utterance. So there is not a single Scottish lingo, but several.

THE AVERAGE American or Canadian, unless he is specializing in the atmosphere and argot of a locality or a class of people, writes in ordinary English. The Jalna stories of Mazo de la Roche's Whiteoaks family are extremely popular in England as novels and as radio and television features. They are completely intelligible and one never has the slightest sense of a strange tongue. But the young Scottish writers, especially the poets and some of the playwrights, are deliberately cultivating, for purposes of cultural nationalism, a revival of the old Lallans, the Lowland speech or Broad Scots, which has a vocabulary most puzzling to English readers. Douglas Young of Dundee is a polymath who can write poetry of quality in Greek, Latin, German, French, and, when he chooses, English. But he prefers the Lallans:

"A cauldruif savendie thirls them
wi its grame whytehetlie wrocht,
while the mochy shadaws crine
and the lowe dwynes to nocht."

That means, "A cold intellect pierces them with its passion, wrought white-hot, while the dank shadows shrivel and the fire dwindles to nought". It is amusing to be told, after reading such an example of the new Scottish poetry, that Britain and America are drifting far asunder in matters of speech. The answer is simple; they are not. But England and Scotland are.

Letter from Montreal

How to Understand French Canada

By Hugh MacLennan

LET ME TALK about a book this time. Its title: *The French Canadians,* published by Macmillan; its author, Mason Wade, a man so well known in these parts that a lot of us think of him as one of ourselves.

Mason Wade is an American who has paid to Canada, and to French Canada especially, the supreme compliment a citizen of one country can render to the people of another. He has devoted the prime of his life to understanding us and he knows Canada in all her complexities as few men do. This eleven hundred page book is the fruit of more than a dozen years of affectionate study and critical research. It is the documented, detailed story of French Canada (and by implication, of English Canada as well) from the Conquest to 1945. It is an important book and its author is a singular man.

Mason Wade's relationship with Canada has been both intricate and curious, and so is the position he has come to occupy in our country. For the last decade it has been recognized in our academic and newspaper circles that if you wanted the real truth about Quebec, if you wished a judgment of hair-line accuracy, this tall New Englander was the man to see. He has absorbed Quebec and much of English Canada by a process of osmosis. He knows us so well that he understands the slightest nuance of a Canadian regional joke. He has seen us at our best and at our worst, drunk and sober, at work, play, politics and in church.

He began his study during the war at a time when the agitation for and against conscription was coming to a head and emotions inherited from the past were seething in the parishes of Quebec and in the headlines of Ontario and western newspapers. In those years, as he quickly saw, there were moments when Canon Groulx's maxim *notre maître, le passé* seemed literal truth. In order to understand the present of French Canada, Wade began to delve into her past. In order to illuminate her past, he exposed himself to every imaginable aspect of her present.

How this American made himself acquainted with Quebec is a fascinating tale in itself. Instead of acting the role of a social researcher on safari with notebook, graphs and an arsenal of leading questions, he took his time with us. Being both an American and a Catholic, he found himself in a uniquely favorable position for the kind of work he had in mind. He could share the religion of the *Canadiens* without becoming so involved in their emotions as to be choked by them. He could meet them in those tense years without having to break down prejudices, for not even in the eyes of the hottest nationalist could this New Englander be confused with a *maudit Anglais* — or even with a *maudit Irlandais,* which at times can be just as bad a thing to be in this fascinating province. Wherever Wade went, the *Canadiens* opened their minds to him. During the war years he met priests and monsignori, politicians and

Macmillan

MASON WADE: Canada by osmosis.

newspapermen, intellectuals, farmers, soldiers — all men who realized that their hunger to be understood was being fulfilled as he listened to them with quiet absorption and occasionally led them on with a pertinent question that arose naturally out of the discussion.

During those years Wade spent many an hour in smoky rooms where nationalists invoked the names of Riel and Bourassa. He dined at faculty clubs and the refectory tables of monasteries, he lectured in our universities both in English and in French. During 1944 he even made a trip through Ontario and the West, and served this country well by explaining Quebec to small groups of local opinion-makers wherever he found them. When the war ended he knew enough about Quebec to publish a small study called *The French Canadian Outlook,* but the big work had still to grow. Now after all these years the big work is before us in *The French Canadians.* It is without question one of the most important books ever written about Canada by anyone.

Wade was inspired to study French Canada by his previous study of Francis Parkman, and there is more than passing interest in comparing how these two very different kinds of New Englanders have tackled the subject.

Parkman, the stylist, saw the story of French Canada as an epic of adventure in which his interest waned when the Citadel fell to Wolfe. Wade, beginning where Parkman ends, sees the story of the French Fact in North America as an epic of endurance. Parkman's North American Frenchman is a romantic hero fighting in a doomed cause. Wade's is a persevering tortoise who triumphs in the end by his capacity to subordinate all other considerations to the ultimate claims of ethnic survival.

The French Canadians leaves us in no doubt that if Canada is a nation today, it is because the tortoise did persevere and did survive. Wade shows us better than any other writer I know the nature of the demands made on French Canadian leaders, how they—unlike their English-speaking compatriots—have always known that a serious public career might involve them in a tragedy of the fates. Their stake in Canada was absolute while that of the English-Canadian seldom was. R. B. Bennett, defeated at home, could retire to England and become a lord. Mackenzie King during the years of his eclipse could work for John D. Rockefeller in the United States. But ever since 1760 the *Canadien* has been sustained by no other country on which he could rely for prestige and emotional security. Quebec has been his home—his past, his present and his future—and here he has had to play for keeps under rules all the sterner because the most important of them are unwritten.

The Quebec nationalist has always known that if his championship of his own people goes too far, he will be rejected by them and even thrown to the wolves. Thus Papineau became an outcast from his own church, Riel died on the gallows, Houde went to jail—sent there by Lapointe and kept there for the duration by Saint Laurent. Even Bourassa, who appealed to *Canadien* emotions more powerfully than did any other man of the present century, ended his life in eclipse, a noble failure but a total one.

No wonder in such a *milieu* Ernest Lapointe died with a smile on his lips, undoubtedly thankful that he would not be forced to have his heart torn by the conscription crisis he knew to be inevitable! No wonder idealists like Chaloult and Laurendeau must, at times, have felt they

1715

Always in Good Taste

Martell

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M54-1M

were born to wear strait-jackets! No wonder such an aura of poetry surrounds the figure of Laurier, who more than once came close to being ground between the turning stones! No wonder the educated French Canadian—whose brilliance, verve and vivacity come through even when he speaks English to us, but come through in full torrential force only in French—feels that he can *never* be truly appreciated, never accurately assessed by the rest of us who speak English in North America! Destiny, not of character but of fate, has made the French Canadians a tragic people in the highest sense of that word. So long as they continue speaking the French language — the most precise, vivid and rapid language in western civilization— they may be our partners and we theirs, but we can never be a single people. Thank God this is so, for there are more than enough monoliths around as it is.

Mason Wade's book is not an easy one. It is written in scholarly prose and its size and documentation are formidable. But it will be read by everyone who truly wishes to understand Canada, for he has given us her story. He has rendered to Canada a service proportionately greater than de Tocqueville and Bryce rendered to the United States. Will he be given the affection, the respect and the recognition that de Tocqueville and Bryce have been accorded in his own country, or are we English-Canadians still unable to believe that anything Canadian is interesting unless it concerns raw materials, investments, hockey or a swim across a cold, wide lake?

•

Jack

When all the pails upon the stove were spilling
The men would take them to the scalding trough;
There Jack would watch the water swirl like broth
On wood still bristled from the last year's killing.
But though the lad was keen and more than willing,
His father thought him young for such a matter;
He with his dog was banished from the slaughter;
They only got the sound of high-pitched squealing.

But in the kitchen by themselves, the boy
Would clutch the leaping terrier on the floor;
Then both would crouch before the kitchen door
And tremble with a wild and eager joy
Which came and went in waves on every cry
That swept across the distance from the sty.

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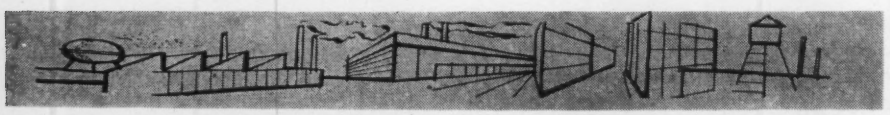

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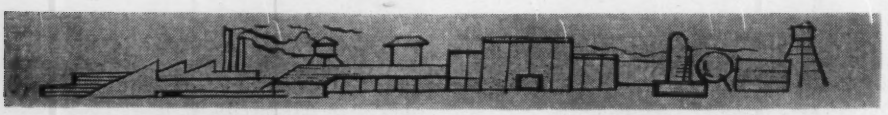

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If Memory Serves

The Expatriates

By Hugh Garner

THERE WERE NINE of us leaving Spain for home that night. Four of us had just been discharged from the Gota de Leche Hospital in Albacete; Smitty was going back to the States to conduct a propaganda tour, and the other four were being expelled as "Undesirables". The International Brigade had given five of us 150 pesetas to eat on as far as Barcelona, but the undesirables had to get along on 75 pesetas. The four who were being expelled from the International Brigade, and from Spain, had been brought to the train from the military prison, which had formerly been the local bull-ring.

After the train left Albacete, Grossmann, a big Swiss from the German battalion, pulled two bottles of cognac from his bag and handed them around. We spilled some into our canteens and cups and drank a toast to the people of Spain, which Grossmann proposed. Then he proposed a second toast damning the Political Commissars of the International Brigade. We all laughed, and drank to that, all except Smitty, who was a nice guy, but a real Red Rotarian, a term we applied to the confirmed Communists.

"Gott verdamnt!" Grossmann shouted, while the Spanish soldiers and civilians turned in their seats and smiled in our direction. "I go home as undesirable after one year in front line at University City, Jarama, and the Guadarrama Mountains."

"Why are you being sent home, Comrade?" Smitty asked him.

"I get in fight with commissar. I hit him with bottle."

Smitty was horrified.

Joe Lawrence, another American, who had been a partisan on the Cordoba front, and had his foot in a walking cast, said, "Good for you, Comrade." The Belgian opera singer, also from our ward in the hospital, said, "Some political commissar all right. In our battalion, political commissar was bravest man."

All of us agreed, except Grossmann and an Irishman named Duncan from my outfit, who was also being sent home as an undesirable. You could sense that Grossmann had been a good soldier, but just by looking at him you knew Duncan had not. He had deserted twice from the front lines at Jarama, and had refused once to go over in an attack. Only his boyish grin and the probable intervention of St. Patrick had kept him from being shot on several occasions. He used to brag that in Dublin he had helped to overturn a car carrying the Irish fascist leader, General O'Duffy, and this seemed to have been the high spot of his life.

Before noon we were running through the orange country, and each time we stopped, Duncan, Grossmann and I would leave the train and pick armfuls of oranges, which we carried back to the train. Some of the children from Madrid had never seen an orange in a year and a half.

The train was held up for two hours at Alcira, and it was here that the journalist got on. It was easy to tell he was a journalist, for he carried a portable typewriter and wore a bow-tie (it was the only necktie I had seen since arriving in Spain). He told us he was a correspondent for the U.S. West Coast *Daily Worker*, and that his name was Silverman.

Wide World

COMRADES IN ARMS in Spain.

He asked Grossmann why he was going home, and the big Swiss told him about slugging his political commissar with a bottle. He dropped Grossmann as if his name had been Trotsky, and asked the Frenchmen, in French, the same question. They told him they were being sent home for being drunkards. One of them kept repeating in Spanish, "Mucho borracho!"

When the train began to move again, the journalist came back along the car and sat down beside Jarry and me. Jarry was a Polish kid who had been wounded in the head at Brunete.

"The war is reaching a crucial point, Comrades," he said to us. "I have just come from Almeria. A few nights ago a German battleship shelled the town."

"Good. It might wake up some of the slackers down there," I said, although I didn't say "slackers".

"Every man is needed at the front," he said, like a speaker at a Spanish Loyalist dinner in New York. "I am surprised that they are sending these men home," he went on, glancing significantly at the sleeping undesirables.

"Dey have had deir fight. Dey are good men," Jarry said.

I said to Silverman, "How about your friend Smitty? He's going home."

"Comrade Smith is needed on the propaganda front."

Joe Lawrence leaned over from the opposite seat and said, "I'm glad to be going home. I've had my belly full of this war, and so have the big Swiss and the Frenchmen."

Jarry and I agreed with him.

"That's not a healthy attitude, Comrades," the journalist said. "I can't understand why you men fraternize with these undesirables."

"Duncan was in my company up on the Jarama and at Brunete," I said. "He's a friend of mine."

"Is he still your friend?"

"Certainly."

As soon as he could, Silverman moved to a seat farther down the car. When Grossmann and the two Frenchmen woke up they went into the car behind us and came back with some more wine. Then Grossmann put a woman's shawl around his shoulders and imitated a flamenco dancer, while a young Spaniard played an accompaniment on his concertina.

Grossmann and Duncan were a great hit with the children, many of whom came from the other cars to watch the fun. Duncan tried to dance an Irish jig, but only managed to fall on his face in the aisle, making the children cry with laughter. Joe Lawrence picked up the journalist's note book and made paper darts for the children from the torn-out pages.

When we pulled into the station at Valencia, Smitty tried to line us up, but Duncan told him to go to hell. With Grossmann and one of the Frenchmen supporting the one-legged Belgian, and the other Frenchman helping Joe Lawrence, we followed Smitty in a ragged group towards the station doors. Duncan and Jarry brought up the rear, carrying the crippled men's bags.

I glanced behind me just before we reached the street. The journalist was standing where we had left him, staring at his mutilated note book. I felt sorry for him. Although he used the term "Comrade" a lot, he didn't really know what it meant. But not having been a soldier, he couldn't be expected to know.

Ottawa Letter

Plenty of Work Remains for Parliament

By John A. Stevenson

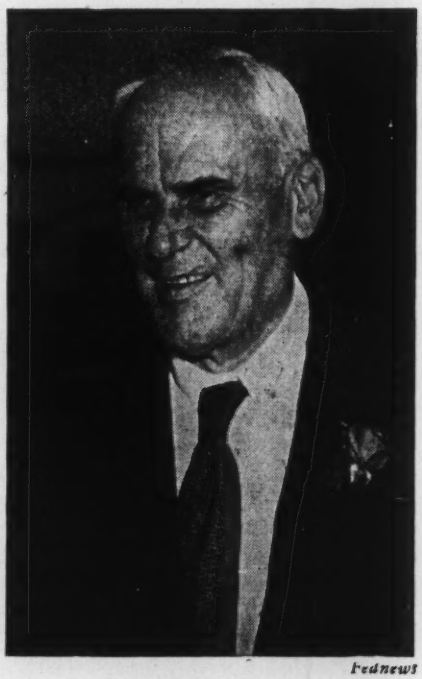
OUR PARLIAMENT has not been eating the bread of idleness and both Houses have been engaged in a profitable dissection of a variety of current problems. At one time the omens for a short session seemed reasonably favorable, as the Government made its initial moves for the accomplishment of its legislative program much earlier than usual. But late in February there were about a score of governmental orders awaiting debate and two more notices of motion were tabled by Ministers. Private members also sponsored eight more bills and 26 resolutions covering a wide range of topics.

Since the opposition at present seems in the mood to subject every item in the legislative program to exhaustive scrutiny, old parliamentary hands are now forecasting that unless a substantial part of it is abandoned, the session may last well into June. One healthy development in it is an increasing disposition on the part of Liberal members to throw off the bonds of party discipline and to criticize and even oppose by their votes views and policies of the Government.

During the long ascendancy of the Liberal party at Ottawa, its rank and file in the House of Commons have shown a persistent and regrettable docility and there have been no parallels to the revolts that groups of restless young British Tories were continually organizing at Westminster during the decades between the two world wars, when their party was predominant, and to the present insurgency of Aneurin Bevan and his associates against their leaders. But it is no secret at Ottawa that some of the younger Liberal members are experiencing a sense of frustration and would fain see Ministers adopt more vigorous policies about certain problems.

Unemployment was the issue from which the Government expected most trouble and it bulked large in the opening debate on the Address. This issue suddenly boiled up again through the publication on the same day of statistics which revealed a disquieting contrast between the Canadian and British scales of unemployment. The latest official report about it showed that on January 20 the number of applicants for jobs registered at the offices of the National Employment Service was roughly 567,000, which was 207,000 higher than the figure for December 9 and 46,000 above the figure for January 21, 1954, and was equivalent to more than a tenth of Canada's civilian labor force. A British report placed the number of unemployed in Britain at the close of 1954 at 285,000, or just half the Canadian total. Canada has vast and varied natural resources and Britain's natural resources are few; even when allowance is made for the impact of our severe winters as a factor in seasonal unemployment, the existence of twice as many unemployed in Canada as in Britain suggests that our economic machine is not functioning satisfactorily. Mr. Coldwell, with the backing of Mr. Drew, forced the Government to agree to a full dress debate upon the situation.

Considerable attention has been given to agrarian problems. John Decore (L, Vegreville), a western lawyer, moved a resolution urging the Government to consider the advisability of empowering the Canadian Wheat Board to hold by mail a plebiscite of grain producers with permit books to discover whether the Board should be authorized to deduct fees for membership in farm organizations from money due the farmers from sales of their grain by the Board. Mr. Decore admitted that the interprovincial council of the radical Farmers' Union had inspired his move with the object of saving the heavy annual expense involved in the collection of these dues, and he professed to be animated by a desire to see agrarian organization grow strong and healthy for the effective protection of the farmers' interests.



Pednews

C. D. HOWE: Dislikes plebiscites.

He secured the support of two Liberal brethren from the West, W. A. Tucker (Rosthern) and Irvin Studer (Swift Current-Maple Creek), several members of the CCF, and W. G. Dinsdale, a Tory from Manitoba. But his resolution found no favor with the Government, and in turn W. G. Weir (L, Portage-Neepawa), the chief Liberal whip, Mr. Garson and Mr. Howe expounded various objections to the proposal. Mr. Howe avowed a dislike of plebiscites on principle and announced his unqualified opposition to the idea that the Government should sponsor one and load the responsibility for holding it on the Wheat Board. However, the Ministerial arguments failed to prevent a number of western Liberals from voting with the Opposition and the views of the Government only prevailed by a count of 91 to 66.

Hazen Argue (CCF, Assiniboia), a farmer who graduated with high honors at the University of Saskatchewan, has at the youthful age of 34 become one of the most competent debaters in the Commons and is his party's favorite expert on agricultural problems. But he strayed out of his special field to initiate a long and interesting debate on family allowances with a resolution which urged their immediate increase.

His basic argument was: since the inauguration of the scheme in 1944 the official consumer's price index had risen from 75 to 116.2 and the index for food prices showed a steeper climb from 66.3 to 112; therefore the purchasing power of a monthly cheque of $5 per child had withered steadily away until in 1954 it had shrunk to $3.22. Pointing out that in 1946 the cost of the family allowance scheme, $245 million, had been roughly 2 per cent of the value of our gross national production, he contended that, since the value of that production had doubled in the intervening years, the country could easily afford to pay at least $490 million a year in family allowances. He also reminded the Government that it had taken cognizance of the increased cost of living by raising the salaries of civil servants and he invited members of the House, whose own remuneration had been almost doubled since 1944, to contemplate with sympathy the plight of the 1,497,000 Canadian wage-earners who, when the census of 1951 was taken, were earning less than $1500 per annum and the additional 895,000, who were earning less than $1000.

His case for the increase received strong support from two political associates, Stanley Knowles (Winnipeg North Centre) and A. M. Nicholson (Mackenzie) and a French-Canadian independent,

Fernand Girard (Lapointe), who is a very assiduous and intelligent participant in debates. But it left another member of the CCF, that stern economist W. Ross Thatcher (Moose Jaw-Lake Centre), unconvinced of its merits as were Mr. Martin, the Minister of Health and Welfare, and half a dozen other Liberals who spoke.

In a carefully reasoned speech Mr. Martin explained that, as long as Canada was spending about $2 billion per annum on defence, an increase of even $2 per month per child, which would raise the annual cost of family allowances, placed by him at $370 million in 1954 to $500 million per annum, must be ruled out. He also claimed that Canada's scale of annual average payments per child ($72.48) compared favorably with the scale in Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Sweden and Norway, where similar systems were in operation.

Mr. Low, the leader of the Social Credit party seized the opportunity to argue that, if the voters only had the sense to give his party a mandate for the application of its pet financial nostrum, there would be such a flow of milk and honey in the land that the allowances could be boosted sky high.

ON A MOTION into supply afforded members a chance to ventilate grievances against the Government. Harold E. Winch (CCF, Vancouver East) charged that overtures from Russia about ship-building contracts, which would provide much needed employment for Canadian shipyards, had been frowned on by the Government through a desire to curry favor at Washington. J. H. Dickey (L., Halifax), deputizing for Mr. Howe, denied the validity of this charge and also made the extraordinary statement that he had no knowledge of the position taken by Canada's representatives on a NATO committee, which had dealt with the subject of trade relations with Russia. J. W. Noseworthy (CCF, York South) accused the Central Housing and Mortgage Corporation of asking war veterans to pay extortionate prices for houses that it was offering for sale to them.

When Howard C. Green (PC, Vancouver-Quadra) sought a clarification of the Government's policy about a structure called the Marpole Bridge over the Fraser River, Mr. Winters, the Minister of Public Works, saw fit to spend some time refuting a charge that, in regard to Federal assistance for its construction, he had broken faith with the British Columbia Minister of Public Works. The Social Crediters, having discovered that they lacked numerical strength to maintain a filibuster against Mr. Howe's bill to block the deal between the Kaiser interests and the government of British Columbia, gave up the struggle.

The Passing Show

A Start for Citizens

By Norman Ward

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES of living in a small city entirely surrounded by farms is that you get the best of both worlds, and the humblest intellectual can adorn his conversation with homely asides and earthy aphorisms without sounding coarse. To several years of residence in such a place I attribute a working knowledge, which has often stood me in good stead, of pullorum, botts, bloat, heaves and various other murrains which disturb our animal friends from time to time. I have held my own in debates on the disposal of coyotes, and made public statements about that singularly Shakespearean ailment of bees, foul brood.

It is therefore with some interest that I have been listening daily to a radio announcer who, along with the noon news, urges us all to invest heavily in pig-starter pellets. For a few days the view was widely held among the younger members of the household that with a package of pellets and a few flowerpots we could raise our own bacon from seed. Wiser counsel prevailed at the senior level, of course, but we were still in the dark as to how pig-starting pellets worked. The dominant school believed that the pellets were some sort of atomic fuel fed to either father or mother pigs, or, in obstinate cases, to both. But these are dark matters to take up with six-year-olds.

Great chagrin was felt all round when a new commercial made clear that the pig-starter pellets were merely pills. The manufacturer apparently assumes that when the infant pig abandons his post in the infield for the gaudy world of solids, his chief need is for a quick bracer. In the pig-starter pellet he will find just the load of ammunition that he will require if he is to face each new day with a clear eye and an expanding waistline. Nothing has been said about the possible emotional effects of feeding starter pellets to well started animals, but one feels that a hearty laugh and a slap on the back will square matters with the average pig.

The Dominion government has got itself into a rather different box with the immigrants that it has been starting off with a handsome little book called "Our Government". The book is in the Canadian Citizenship Series put out by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, and is for "all those persons who are interested in gaining a knowledge of our great country".

For some mysterious reason the book includes the following statements, all of them quite untrue. An MLA's "term of office as a member of the Assembly is a fixed number of years". (Only the maximum term is fixed.) "Each estimate in the Budget is debated separately . . ." (The Dominion's Estimates aren't in the Budget at all.) "The Senate and the House of Commons together are known as the Parliament of Canada." (They shouldn't be; the BNA Act lists the Queen as the first of three parts of Parliament.) "Members of parliament are elected for a fixed period of time." (They never have been.)

The quotations are not only untrue—and there are others, more complicated—but also not the sort of thing that can be dismissed as trifles. They are so untrue as to present a very misleading picture of how the parliamentary system works in Canada. But what sinister motive can the Dominion government have for misinforming its own people? Most of us never do the government any harm. As a matter of fact, about the only people in a position to damage the government are the ones responsible for the book. They seem to be off to a good start.

One of them, a cabinet minister, observes in a short foreword that "an enlightened people is the keystone of our democratic way of life". So pass those pellets, and stand back.

•

Flies in Amber

I held in mountain shape, rolled tight
In tree bud, clasped in clouds,
Belled hound's tongue, train's scream, caught
Up and captured by these gods,
Cannot get free of color, shape, sound,
Of live things, rich things, mine,
In lapsing wave whisper, green blend
Of brain, leaf, pulse, and brown fawn.
I stung by youth, stretch, reach, run,
Rotate round suns and tramp down time;
Court Blake and Marlowe, question Donne,
Think back hours, years, redeless dream,
Grow lancke, soulle thinne, flesh weake, eyes blinde.
In suche extremeties approache new landes.

ALFRED W. PURDY

ONE OF GEORGE MORROW'S illustrations for Delina Delaney *by Amanda Ros, reproduced from* O Rare Amanda! *by Jack Loudan.*

Books

The Swan of Ballynahinch

By Robertson Davies

RECENTLY IN A REVIEW of the last volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography I made reference to Amanda Ros, and several people have written to ask me who she is. As if to answer all their queries, a biography of the lady has appeared, called *O Rare Amanda!* by Jack Loudan. No one who is interested in literary curiosities should miss it.

To give the necessary facts about her life briefly: she was born Anna Margaret McKittrick, in 1860, at Ballynahinch, County Down; for a short time was a schoolteacher, until she married Andrew Ross, the station-master at Larne, in 1887. She lived at Larne for the remainder of her days, and wrote several books of which *Irene Iddesleigh, Delina Delaney,* and *Poems of Puncture* were published at her own expense. They achieved some success with a small group of people who appreciated their peculiar badness, and before the First Great War there was something of a cult for her work in London. The Nonesuch Press brought out a splendid edition of *Irene Iddesleigh,* and Aldous Huxley wrote a famous essay, *Euphues Redivivus,* which called attention to the writer, who now called herself Amanda Ros, as being more aristocratic than her name in its original form. She engaged in a lifelong controversy with her critics, in which she showed herself an unusually vigorous and abusive fighter, and she died in 1939.

Why all the fuss about a bad writer? Well—she was a bad writer of genius. She was not negatively bad, in the sense that she was dull, or inexpressive, or trite or lacking in inspiration: she was exuberantly, voluptuously bad—her badness was supereminent and supererogatory; if it is really true that extremes meet, she was so bad that she was good. Her books are funny, and to some people they are exquisitely and refreshingly funny.

It is at this point that I dissent from Mr. Loudan, who says: "Amanda is the most perfect instrument for measuring the sense of humor. Alert and quick-witted people accept her at once: those whom she leaves entirely unmoved are invariably dull and unimaginative. She is for people who do not always expect reason, who are ready to enter her world without disputation, and to accept her magnificent incongruities." I object to this sort of writing, for it says, in effect, that if you do not enjoy Amanda Ros whole-heartedly you have no sense of humor; the reader is expected either to agree with the writer, or feel shame at not being able to do so; I will not submit to this sort of critical bullying.

Bad writing, however remarkable in its way, is only funny up to a point. To enjoy it further, simply because it is bad, seems to me like an unpleasant kind of snobbery. I am a person who is embarrassed by any prolonged display of ineptitude; I shrink from the off-key singer; I flinch inwardly when somebody persistently mispronounces a word. And I can only read two or three pages of Amanda Ros before I am so ashamed for her that I cannot go on. This is not, I think, an unusual condition of mind, and I insist that it is not incompatible with a sense of humor. And does it show such a very keen sense of fun to enjoy the spectacle of a woman making a fool of herself, in print or otherwise?

The game of baiting Amanda Ros began when Barry Pain wrote a review of *Irene Iddesleigh* in 1898 called "The Book of the Century"; it is a labored piece of work, heavy-handed and cruel. For a popular reviewer to mock an inept book by a professional writer may be a part of his duty; but need he go out of his way to poke snobbish fun at a foolish woman whose vanity has led her to pay for the printing of a silly novel? What Amanda thought about it may be read in her reply, which is published as a preface to the 1935 edition of *Delina Delaney*. It is a transport of galumphing sarcasm; it shows her at her most conceited and most inept; if she had been hurt and had retired into silence Pain's act would have been unkind enough, but she trumpets and cavorts like an enraged, insane elephant. It is all most unedifying.

Pain's review called attention to *Irene Iddesleigh* and to *Delina Delaney,* which followed it in 1898. Copies of these books were not easy to obtain but people got hold of them, and even copied long passages of them by hand. Amanda became a literary craze among a select group, which included a number of celebrated literary people, some politicians, and some society leaders. They met to read her work aloud; it was a mark of distinction to be able to quote her long, tortured sentences. People of note wrote to her, some of them so civilly that she mistook their interest for serious appreciation, and became extremely vain because of it. And it must be said that some things that were said and written about her, such as Huxley's essay already mentioned, were not malicious but sprang from a genuine scientific interest in the pathology of prose. Nevertheless, it was not a kindly form of snobbery which led so many people who should have known better to make sport of this crazed Irishwoman.

I use the word "crazed" in its primary sense. Although in most respects Amanda Ros was sane enough, and could be amiable when she chose, she showed unmistakable signs of madness in relation to her

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work; in the mealy-mouthed phrase of modern psychiatry, she was "a disturbed personality". She had delusions of grandeur, and when annoyed she was abusive and foul-mouthed. Every editor has had experience with the type; I have never had to deal with an example as highly developed as Amanda Ros, but I have met her kind, and there is nothing funny about them. At best they are nuisances, and at worse they are alarming lunatics.

But when all this has been said, an element remains in Amanda's work which compels attention. It is Irish prose, diseased. There are times, as we read Joyce, and more particularly Sean O'Casey, when another voice seems to cut in, like an interfering station on the radio; it is the voice of Amanda. I yield to no one in my admiration for this specifically Irish lyric style of writing at its best, but it readily becomes a mannerism, and degenerates into a word-sodden howl. It slithers greasily from simile to simile; it throws up adjectives in ragged, messy heaps; it piles on the agony until the effect is, first comic, and then intolerable. It strains for effect; it flings words into incongruous and distasteful unions; it drivels and it mumbles and it breaks into sudden, unmannerly screams. It is a barbarous Celtic flux of verbiage. It is the sort of thing Joyce has caricatured superbly in the Nausicaa passages in *Ulysses,* and which he seems to do in earnest in some other writings. But it is Amanda's accustomed and best manner; she can do it all the time. Unquestionably, bad writing on this level commands respect and curiosity, and Amanda stands as a perpetual warning to all writers with even a sixteenth part of Irish blood in them.

Mr. Loudan's book is well organized, and it gives the reader a good picture of Amanda and her work. He insists that it is a pleasure to read her, and in this I must disagree, but it is certainly a pleasure to read about her, and to read the passages from her books which he quotes. He knew her personally, and he writes of her with courtesy and respect. It was desirable that we should have a book about the cracked old Swan of Ballynahinch, and Mr. Loudan has done the job, I think, about as well as anyone could.

O RARE AMANDA!—by Jack Loudan—194 pp. bibliography & photographs—*Clarke Irwin*—*$3.15.*

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Foreign Affairs

Long Term View of the Russian Problem

By Willson Woodside

INSOFAR as they agree at all, observers of Soviet Russian affairs see in the latest phase of the power struggle, beside personal rivalry, a dispute concerning the very basis of Russian and Communist policy.

One body of opinion believed that the time had come to give the people some of the better things of life which they had been promised so long while the state paused to consolidate the great gains in the Soviet Empire since World War II. To do this it would be necessary to ease off the cold war pressure and the armaments drive, which in any case was sweeping the whole world steadily towards an atomic war, which, *as Malenkov once publicly admitted,* would destroy civilization not only in the Western world but in Soviet Russia.

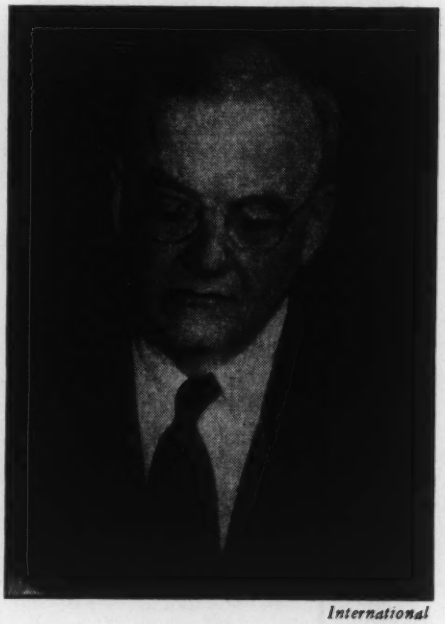
It is not necessary to think of these people as either humanitarians or peace lovers. They could merely be convinced that this was the best course to ultimate Communist triumph, believing that the evidence of 1953-54 showed that when the West was freed from menace or attack it tended to fall apart.

This group could also include many who believed that it was now time to consider, first of all, the interests of Russia and the Russian people, rather than continuing to industrialize, and pile up arms, and risk war in the interests of "people in far-away countries". Let us not be too sure there are no Neville Chamberlains, but only Adolf Hitlers, among the Soviet leadership. With the Revolution nearing its fortieth anniversary, there must be many who have had their fill of it. That's what the reaction of the people and the writers seemed to show, after Stalin died, and it is likely that the group led by Malenkov and Mikoyan gambled on this support.

The other group, which has now taken over full control, includes tough Party men who believe that this is no time to pause, but an historic opportunity to get in behind Communist China's fresh wave of revolution to take over the whole Far East, and also exploit the unrest in Africa to bring the whole colonial structure tumbling down there.

They have formed an alliance with the army leaders, alarmed by the remarkable recovery of Germany and her anticipated rearmament as an ally of the United States, concerned with the shakiness of the satellite *cordon sanitaire,* and tempted by the idea of pinning down American power in the far Pacific, facing China. This is a risky game, but is it not safer than leaving the U.S. free to organize and arm a United Europe?

It was George Kennan's view that freedom might come at some future date to Russia by "erosion from despotism rather than by the violent upthrust of liberty", and that American policy should beware not to hamper such a development. The able Washington commentator of the *Christian Science Monitor,* Joseph C. Harsch, suggests that Mr. Dulles may have been rereading Kennan. The Secretary of State who, two and three years ago, urged that the best way to meet the Soviet menace was through an active policy for the liberation of the satellite and minority peoples of the Soviet Empire, and a year ago laid down the famous policy of "massive retaliation", is now speaking of the possibility of reviving the "historic friendship" between the United States and Russia.



International

CHANGE OF HEART in the State Department? Does Mr. Dulles really believe that the Russians will abandon their ambitions of international Communism?

Even conceding that by "friendship" he meant only the absence of war or even of much contact, which characterized their relations up to 1933, this is an interesting departure. How does Mr. Dulles think it may be brought about? The necessary condition is that "Russians of stature will patriotically put first their national security and the welfare of their people". He believes the time will come when such people will be unwilling to have the security and welfare of their country subordinated to the world-wide ambitions of international Communism. "If their point of view should prevail, then indeed there could be a basis for worthwhile negotiations and practical agreements between the United States and the new Russia." Notice that Dulles speaks of "Russia" and "Russians", not of the Soviet Union and Soviet leaders.

It is believed in Washington that very real internal difficulties, such as the persistent failure to produce crops by Communism, a failure which Krushchev's farm policies are expected to intensify, as they have done in the past, are behind the big policy debate which evidently has been going on in the Soviet Union, and may influence future developments.

THIS VERSION of Russians again seeking the best interests of Russia, instead of those of world Communism, has prompted some policy-makers to speculate on the possibility of splitting Russia away from China, if we can't split China from Russia. Chancellor Adenauer has declared that it will not be long before the Soviet Union would find itself faced with far greater dangers from the expanding population of China than could ever come from Europe.

Chinese Communist spokesmen seem so pleased at having their country feared, after being impotent for so long, that they may be abetting the trend which Adenauer predicted. Before the world has quite become used to the figure of 600 million Chinese, which they proclaimed last year as the result of their census of 1953, they have started boasting of 800 million by 1967. Planners in Peking are dwelling on the tremendous addition this will represent to China's productive power.

No wonder that talk of the Yellow Peril is heard again. A "key diplomat" in the French Foreign Office has told a correspondent that within 10 or 15 years the Russians will be making common cause with the Americans to protect themselves from the Chinese. "Revolutions," he says, "have natural periods of evolution until they may be considered ripe or finished. The Russian Revolution still has 10 or 15 years to go. Then the Soviet Union will have returned to its fundamentally normal basis as a white European power. By then China will have grown into a new and dangerous potential. When that moment comes, the shift of the East-West dividing line from the Elbe eastward to the Mongolias will be finally confirmed."

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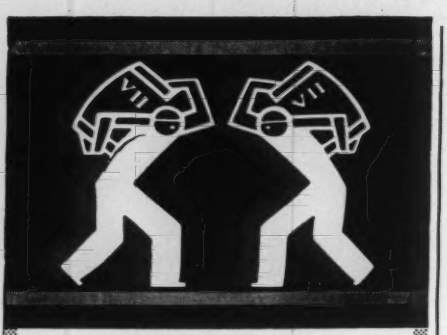

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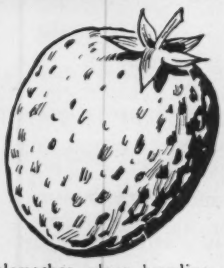

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Films

On the Spot

By Mary Lowrey Ross

BIT'S A LITTLE hard to isolate the point of view of such a film as *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*. Perhaps it amounts to nothing more than this: that a nation equipped down to the last complex detail for the carrying on of war can afford a simplified answer to the problem of war itself.

The film describes a particularly dangerous mission carried out by an airman in the Korean War; and it is safe to say that the peculiar on-the-spot *mystique* the story evolves before the end would never have satisfied either Hollywood or Hollywood audiences back in World Wars I and II. The film heroes of World War II accepted their hazardous assignments in stiff-lipped silence. The heroes of World War I wrung the hearts of their audiences by airy quotations from *Alice in Wonderland*.

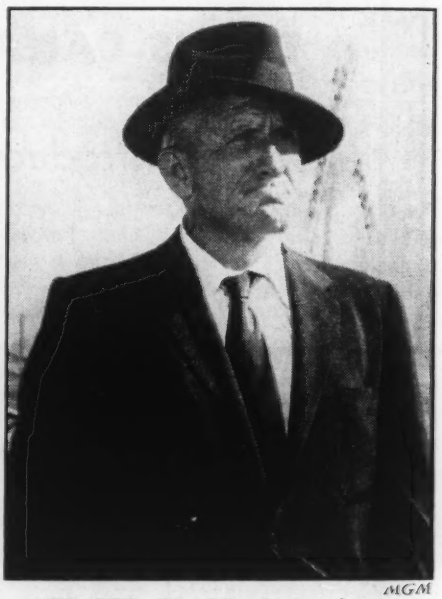
"But why does it have to be me?" asked the embittered hero of *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*.

"Because you happen to be here," his admiral tells him. "It's as simple as that."

If this point of view doesn't quite make valid and satisfying sense, at least it dismisses any heroic non-sense. Heroics, it makes clear, have less to do with heroism than time, place and inexorable circumstance. Its hero, a Denver lawyer drafted into carrier-service, makes no secret of his bewilderment at the situation and his distaste for the whole job; and the audience understands and applauds, as it could never applaud the notion that with the blasting of the bridges of Toko-Ri another corner of a foreign field had become forever U.S.A.

A curiously sour note has crept into the call to arms. It may not have the ringing appeal of the old-fashioned bugle, but it seems peculiarly appropriate to our jarring modern times.

The film, a screen adaptation of James Michener's novel, has to do with the relationship between the troubled pilot and his admiral, a highly disciplined but fatherly type. By the time the hero has made a photographic survey of Toko-Ri he realizes that he has very little chance of coming back alive from the bombardment to follow. So he and his admiral try painfully to hammer out the solution of a problem for which there is no solution. The Admiral knows he must lose the flyer he has come to regard as a son; the flyer knows he must lose his life. It is a fairly complex situation, and since the movies have never been quite so successful in exploring the human spirit as in documenting the mechanics that order it, the film is at its best when it concentrates on the jet planes and control rooms, the geometrically patterned flights and heart-stopping returns. Until the final sequence, when it rather deliberately tantalizes the audience with the hope of a happy ending, it is a rarely honest piece of work, spectacular but untheatrical. The sensationalism is largely in the plane flights, the drama in the cold mechanical control of war.



MGM

SPENCER TRACY: Living human.

WHILE WESTERNS and horse-opera are usually classed together, it is quite possible to have a Western, and a good one, without a horse in sight. The indispensable elements are a desert setting, a a standup-knockdown fight between good and evil and one of those flight-pursuit windups for which the cinema was specially created.

Bad Day at Black Rock has all these essentials. In addition it has Spencer Tracy, who can always bring a completely developed characterization out of a standard part. In fact, it is almost as fascinating to watch Mr. Tracy create a living human being from a machine-tooled role as it would be, say, to see Emma Bovary emerge from among the illustrations of a women's magazine.

The desert of *Bad Day at Black Rock* is gritty enough to leave sand in your teeth, and Black Rock itself is an assortment of shaky buildings carelessly strewn on the desert floor. The hero, John MacReedy (Spencer Tracy), alights here from the Santa Fé train. He has come to deliver to a Japanese farmer the posthumous medal for valor awarded to his son in the war. The Santa Fé will pick Mr. MacReedy up in the morning, and meanwhile he has resigned himself to killing the day in Black Rock. This presents a peculiar local problem to the leading citizens—it seems they disposed of the farmer in a moment of patriotic enthusiasm, and the only solution that presents itself to their simple-minded ferocity is to kill Mr. MacReedy.

The special quality of *Bad Day at Black Rock* lies partly in the handling of its rough and tricky story, partly in the performance of Spencer Tracy. Working within rigidly imposed limits, the film still makes allowance for the varieties of human behavior. The villain (Robert Ryan) is, to be sure, a typical Western hoodlum, and so are his immediate lieutenants; but the remainder of the cast waver uncertainly across the line that divides good from evil, cowardice from a reluctant courage. MacReedy himself is never an impossible Western hero, even when he is performing the impossible feats that are a necessary concession to a film of action. Most of the time it is clear that only his patient self-respect keeps him from betraying openly that he is as jumpy as a scared rabbit. It is a curiously unconventional characterization, but so persuasive that, when the one-armed hero is finally goaded into an incredible display of judo, the audience is happy to let sympathy outrun scepticism. I have seldom seen a more implausible or a more satisfactory scene of violence on the screen.

Black Rock includes among its leading citizens an alcoholic sheriff (Dean Jagger), a philosophical mortician (Walter Brennan) and a particularly lethal cowpoke (Ernest Borgnine). Anne Francis is the only visible female, possibly because no other feminine citizen was venturesome enough, in such a community, to put her head outdoors.

Lease of Life has to do with the struggles of a minor English cleric (Robert Donat) to assert his spiritual claims above the demands of a dominating wife, a talented daughter and a querulous parish. Faced by a crisis—he has been given a year to live—he mounts the pulpit and delivers a sermon that spoils his chances of worldly promotion but brings him spiritual peace. Thanks largely to Robert Donat's performance, the picture has a gentle discursive charm. It may even occur to you to wonder how so persuasive an actor could possibly be an unsuccessful clergyman.

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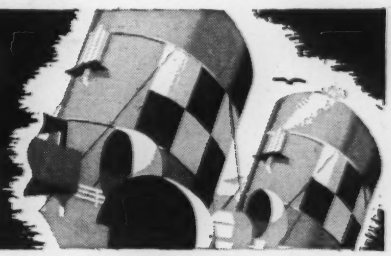

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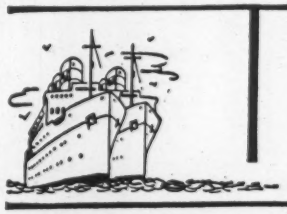

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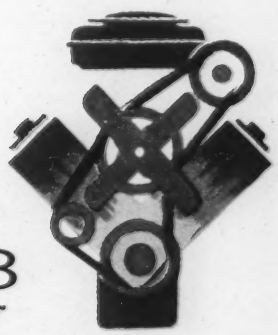

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Lawrence of Arabia: The Early Years

By RICHARD ALDINGTON: PART I

THE IRREGULAR SITUATION of a father who had four daughters by his wife and five sons (of whom T. E. Lawrence was the second) by another woman is obviously the clue to Lawrence's abortive career and tortuous character. Of course the fact must not be abused and dragged in to explain everything—he had his own remarkable gifts, and was as powerfully influenced by his environment in some respects as he violently reacted from it in others—but with this knowledge we can dissipate much of the legendary "mystery man", understand many things which otherwise are enigmatic, and find compassion rather than repulsion for at least some of his questionable actions and traits.

For a man whose most obvious characteristic was an abnormal vanity—including of course its identical opposite, abnormal self-depreciation — the unwanted possession of the Secret was a Nessus' shirt, a perpetual crucifixion. And it was all the more maddening because intellectually and morally he didn't care, he was emancipated from the obsolescent sense of sin, though he cared immensely for personal, social and mundane reasons. Through it he was led to a false relationship and a clash of personality and will with his mother, from which he eventually retired to the anti-feminine refuge of a barrack room.

Full confirmation of this situation is amply provided by Lawrence himself in some of the large collection of letters exchanged between himself and Charlotte Shaw (Mrs. Bernard Shaw) and lately made available to the public by the Library of the British Museum. They include a large amount of musical and literary criticism of the records and books she sent him, and complaints of the conditions of his life in the RAF, but, in Mrs. Shaw, Lawrence seems to have found about the only relationship he really wanted with a woman, that of a substitute mother.

The most important letter was written by Lawrence on the 14th April, 1927, shortly after the publication of *Revolt in the Desert*, when he had been exiled to Karachi where he was evidently lonely, cut off from all his intellectual friends, and, according to him, a self-constituted prisoner in the camp seven miles outside the town. This intellectual loneliness must have been hard to bear even for a man so self-centred and so self-sufficient.

The letter contains frank and penetrating (but in no way resentful or exaggerated) judgments on both his parents, to which we shall have to refer when we come to consider the effect of their characters on him. The more important was the mother, who had had a strict Calvinist upbringing in the Isle of Skye and had been a children's nurse. Lawrence says that an overwhelming sense of sin and guilt possessed her because Lawrence's father had left his wife to live with her; and that she strove to atone for her sin by making him and her sons intensely religious. One of them became a missionary.

Toronto Star

T. E. LAWRENCE: How much truth in the legend?

The second child of this union was Thomas Edward, who according to his mother was born in "the small hours" of the 16th August, 1888. He was registered as born on the 15th by his father, whose name is given as "Thomas Lawrence", by occupation "gentleman", with the address of Gorphwysfa, Tremadoc, Carnarvon, Wales. The only significance attached to this birth in Wales is the fact that, when Lawrence became an Oxford undergraduate, the chance of his birth-place being Wales enabled him to be entered at Jesus College which was usually frequented by Welshmen. Lawrence was only just over a year old when he left Wales, and for a number of years the family lived a wandering life.

According to one school of thought, the moving of young children from one place to another is supposed to give them "a sense of insecurity". If so, this may possibly have been one of the several factors he mentions which determined in later life his taking refuge in the "security" of the RAF ranks.

A good deal has been made of Lawrence's precocity, and examples have been collected both from those who knew him in his early years and from his own writings. It must be confessed that many of these are trifling, and the solemnity of his hagiographers (one might call them the Lawrence Bureau) so unsuspecting that the instances they cite often strike an outsider as either ludicrous or highly improbable or both.

Before going any further I must warn the reader of some Lawrence peculiarities which will have to be often stressed. He was vague about numbers, except when it suited him to be precise; from quite early times he liked to tell romantic or Irish stories—Milesian tales, they might be called—about himself and his astonishing achievements; and he had so practised and abused the habit of "leg-pulling" or "kidding" that he confesses that he had himself lost sight of the boundaries dividing fact from fiction.

We learn from his mother's reminiscences that Lawrence was big for his age, a strong and active child who could pull himself over the nursery gate before he could walk, and that before he was three he learned the alphabet simply from listening to the lessons given his elder brother. His elder brother assures us that at the age of five Lawrence could read the newspaper upside down. He climbed a steep ladder into a loft at the age of two, and later led the others in a twelve foot jump from the top of a shed. He invented stories for them, in which their animal

toys played the part of soldiers defending a tower. Before he was six he had picked up a child's fluency in French at Dinard.

In later life he told one correspondent that he was able to read at the age of four, mainly police news, he said; and that he began learning Latin at five.

When he joined the RAF and was transferred to Farnborough after his recruit's course he became impatient at being compelled to spend nine months on photography. Characteristically, he complained direct to RAF Headquarters in a personal letter to Air Vice-Marshal Swann (whom he had met once), explaining that he was "already as good as the men passing out", and adding that he had been taught when he was four by his father whom he described as a pioneer photographer.

When Lawrence was eight and his eldest brother ten—with others coming along—there arose the problem of education. Clearly something more serious was required than lessons from an English governess or French monks and gymnastic classes at St. Malo. The decision was made to move to Oxford where there was a High School, from which in due course the boys might hope to pass on to the University. They settled at 2 Polstead Road, which remained the family home until 1921.

The influence of Oxford on T. E. Lawrence was very strong indeed. It was never really shaken off, though modified in the war, and definitely repudiated in the "common man" phase of the Tanks and the RAF, when he even attempted to change his Oxford accent into "garage English". Oxford, he declared, was "heaven"—from eighteen to twenty-one.

While he was still only in the fifth form, and presumably about fifteen, Lawrence was already well-known for his interest in archaeology. With another schoolfellow he spent his pocket-money in buying up old coins, bottles and pipes found by Oxford workmen digging foundations, and cycled to local churches taking heelball rubbings of the brasses which he hung round his room. The two boys haunted the local museums (especially the Ashmolean) and libraries, and worked up theories about church and college architecture. From copying brasses they went on to study any fragments of biography they could find about the people commemorated. They dabbled in heraldry and armor, visiting the Tower of London and the Wallace Collection; and from these went on to mediaeval enamels and tooled leather, illuminated manuscripts. Gradually Lawrence's particular interests concentrated on Gothic architecture and especially mediaeval castles and fortifications.

At this point we come on one of those stories which Lawrence told about himself to his friends and hagiographers. These anecdotes, which are never to his disadvantage, whether explained as the Milesian tales of a wild Irishman unable to see the absurdity of his assertions, or as "leg-pulling", do not recommend Lawrence as a good witness, but did serve the purpose of self-advertisement. Here is the story:

"Lawrence's knowledge must be pretty extensive. In six years he read every book in the library of the Oxford Union—the best part of 50,000 volumes probably. His father used to get him the books while he was at school and afterwards he always borrowed six volumes a day in his father's name and his own. For three years he read day and night on a hearthrug, which was a mattress so that he could fall

Toronto Star

ROBERT GRAVES: Biographer.

asleep as he read. Often he spent eighteen hours a day reading, and at last got so good at it that he could tear the heart out of the most formidable book in half an hour."

Unfortunately for this story, 6 books a day for 6 years doesn't make much more than 13,000; to read 50,000 in that time he would have had to perform the impossible feat of reading 25 a day for 2,000 days—and what about going to school and lectures?

There were other sides to his highbrow schoolboy's life, among them his fondness for feats of endurance and daring, which went along with a habit of getting himself knocked about and of contracting more or less preventable illnesses. Although he disdained cricket and football and seemingly anything which might be called "sport" except cycling, swimming, canoeing and, later, revolver-shooting, he liked wrestling with other boys. This may or may not have some psychological significance, but the relevant fact is that in one such scuffle he broke his leg just above the ankle. According to Graves, this happened when Lawrence was 16, *i.e.*, some time between August, 1904 and 1905.

The shock of this broken leg is supposed to account for the fact that he did not grow very much afterwards, some saying that he stopped at 5 feet 3 inches (Lowell Thomas), some at 5 feet 5½ inches or 5 feet 6 inches (Robert Graves).

A priori, it seems strange that a man of exactly the average height of his countrymen should have struck so many people as being small; but this certainly is the case. The explanation may be that his head was definitely large in proportion to his slight body, that he had light hair and blue eyes, and looked several years younger than he was. The precocity of his childhood was followed by an arrested psychological development, leaving him with certain perpetually adolescent traits. He carried through life the self-consciousness which is characteristic of so many Englishmen, above all at the adolescent stage when in that environment nature and nurture are at cross-purposes. Some say he could not look another man in the eyes, and that his own eyes were in constant furtive movement. He had a low apologetic voice, a silly giggle, a schoolboy grin, a habit of playing stupid practical jokes, and above all a perpetual "kidding".

To all this he added the assertion that he was "sexless", but that, after all, is not a condition of adolescence. On the contrary.

The question is—how much of this was genuine, how much pose? And do not start away from the word "pose" as unfair, a pre-judgment, an attributing of motive. It is Lawrence's own word for himself. Among the many, many things this self-absorbed man said about himself at various times, he wrote from Arabia towards the end of the war (July, 1918) that the war-time things he had been doing "in fancy dress" were all "part of the pose"; adding, "how to reconcile it with the Oxford pose I know not". If words mean anything those words mean that he admitted two of the most important periods of his life—Oxford and the War—were play-acting, a pose. From this we may infer that he had little real and lasting conviction in either phase, whether intellectualist or military.

If, however, we accept these adolescent traits as genuine, self-conscious but not wilfully deceptive, then we must accept the paradox of a human being remaining partly adolescent while becoming partly adult—the will to power and the mechanistic skill whether in leadership, intrigue or mere machinery becoming enormously developed at the expense of the vital impulse and all the emotions, discoveries and enjoyments that go with it.

This is the first of seven excerpts from "Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry" by Richard Aldington. This material is copyright in Canada by William Collins Sons and Co., Canada Ltd., and is reprinted with their permission.

Music

The New Grove's: Disappointment to Canada

By Helmut Kallmann

THE LONG EXPECTED and much-needed fifth edition of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* has appeared (Macmillan, $110). Its nine volumes present a completely revised and newly-set edition, doing away with the two separate supplemental volumes, which made the use of the old edition so impractical.

Announcement of a new edition had raised the hope that note would be taken, among other developments, of the great changes in musical geography which have occurred in the last 20 or 30 years. There has been an unprecedented migration of musicians from Central Europe; the folk music of remote countries has been collected and studied; countries such as Australia, Canada, and Israel have been written on the musical map.

As far as Canada is concerned, the new edition is a bitter disappointment. To thousands of people in Canada and abroad, who in decades to come will turn to Grove's as a standard musical reference, the work, excellent features though it possesses, will be next to useless in answering specific questions or giving a broad picture of music and musicians in Canada.

To begin with, there is no entry under Canada. True, editorial policy—regrettably enough—seems to have excluded articles on countries. Yet Australia and Israel, for example, have been treated in special articles, and it would have been fitting to have included Canada, which has done poorly in other musical reference books (with the notable exception of Thompson's *International Cyclopedia*). Articles on Canadian musical institutions, such as Les Festivals de Montréal, the Mendelssohn Choir, the National Film Board (as a user of film music), the CBC, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, or even the old Hart House String Quartet, all of international reputation, are omitted altogether.

On the other hand, there is an interesting article on the folk music of Canada, written by the foremost authority on Canadian folklore, Dr. Marius Barbeau. There are also entries under some two dozen Canadian composers and performers. Included among these are some of the most prominent musicians of our past: Calixa Lavallée, prolific nineteenth century composer; Lynwood Farnam, organist; Augustus Vogt, founder of the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir; Frederick Herbert Torrington, once the musical tsar of Toronto; and Joseph Vézina, pioneer bandmaster and conductor of Quebec. The choice of living musicians may be questioned. Newcomers to Grove's, such as Alexander Brott, Ettore Mazzoleni and Heinz Unger all deserve the honor, but appear to have been included because they happen to be known in England.

It was the privilege of Eric Blom, the new edition's editor, to judge the relative importance of musical affairs in different countries. What is unforgivable in a work

Macmillan

ERIC BLOM: Grove's *editor.*

of this kind, however, is that many of the Canadian biographies are inaccurate and quite out-of-date. Thus the article on Ettore Mazzoleni ("conductor and composer") brings us to the mid-1930s. Shortly after 1929 Mazzoleni was appointed at the Toronto Conservatory as "lecturer in musical history and conductor of the Conservatory Orchestra". There is not a word stating that he has been principal of the Conservatory since 1945, nine years before Grove's publication date. It is mentioned that Mazzoleni (incidentally, he does not consider himself a composer) has been guest conductor in Montreal, but his far more significant position as associate conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra (1942-1948) is ignored. Nor are we told that Mazzoleni gave up his position at Upper Canada College in the 1930s.

Other articles, too, abound in statements about appointments without mentioning the termination of these offices. Douglas Clarke has not been conductor of the "Montreal orchestra" for about a decade and Healey Willan gave up his position at St. Paul's Church in Toronto long before Grove's went into its *third* edition, and that as vice-principal of the Toronto Conservatory in 1936. The name of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, which has been made famous through Willan's work there since 1921, does not even appear. He "conducts the Tudor Singers"—a group disbanded at the outbreak of World War Two. It should be well-known to English musicians that Sir Ernest MacMillan has conducted the Mendelssohn Choir since 1942, that he is chairman of the Canadian Music Council, and that he was Dean of the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto from 1926 until 1952.

Many other dates are inaccurate. Willan's opera *Deirdre* dates from 1946, not 1937. In the article on Lavallée—not revised from the old edition in spite of the publication of a biography by Eugène Lapierre—the order of events is turned upside down. Lavallée did not make his debut as soloist at the Paris Conservatoire in 1860 as he did not study in Paris until 1873. His efforts to organize a music school in French Canada date from *before*, not *after* 1881, because in 1880 he moved to the United States for the remainder of his life. After stating that *O Canada* was written in 1887, this article refers the reader to one on National Anthems, where the date is given correctly as 1880.

The preparation of a work of such gigantic proportions as *Grove's Dictionary* requires that articles be assembled years before the date of publication. But for this very reason it ought to have been possible to set up a mechanism by which each contributor was obliged to report additions and corrections to his articles right up to the time of proof-reading.

In a few instances, question marks are printed instead of the place of birth or the date of death. These facts could have been discovered easily in many cases or by consulting other reference books in which they do appear. Is it beneath the dignity of dictionary-makers to compare and consult other dictionaries? A scholarly enterprise is not only permitted, but duty-bound to take note of the results of similar projects. Was it the same pride that prevented the editor and his contributors (few of whom are Canadians) to check their information with the Canadians about whom they wrote? Surely the Canadian Music Council, the CBC, the conservatories did not turn down requests for information? A splendid opportunity to supply musical information about Canada has been missed.

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Montreal, Feb. 23, 1955. S. C. SCADDING, *Secretary*

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

WHILE THE TYPE of flight two-mover like our No. 107 may be very light and simple, the same matrix may support complications that leave it scarcely recognizable. This is the case with No. 108 below, which has but one flight-square and self-block, while paramount are the setting up of half-pin defences and Pawn Grimshaw mutual interferences.

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 107.

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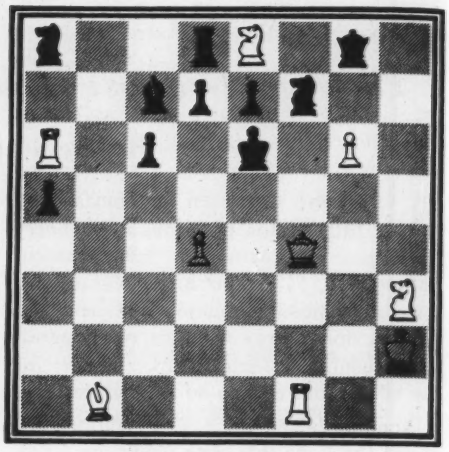
The black KB is responsible for a happy pair of battery mates. B-Kt7 might easily be overlooked.

PROBLEM NO. 108, by "Centaur".

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White mates in two.

• •

"That Strain Again"

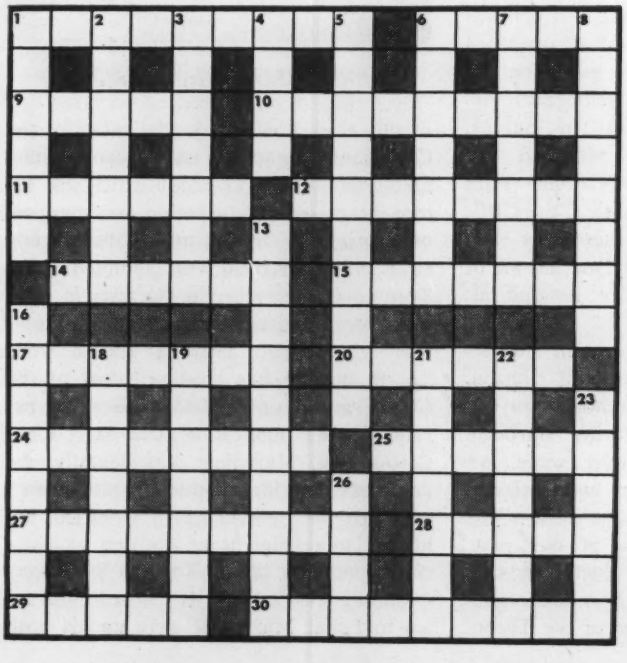
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. 30, 26, 14. Command performance, providing that the art of St. Cecilia is nourishing to Cupid. (2,5,2,3,4,2,4,4,2)
6. His famous song was a sound purchase, by the sound of it. (5)
9. Cane daddy? (5)
10. As it's also a bean, it might be just the instrument to 14 to provide 30, 26. (9)
11. Just be around one to get a black eye. (6)
12. A chip off the old block, perhaps. (8)
14. See 1A.
15. Use dire means to get what's left. (7)
17. Toot, sir, when you want your stew. (7)
20. Really pitch into the sauce. (6)
24. It's a duet incorrectly rendered. (8)
25. It's a hundred to a hundred and one a tree of this genus will yield gum. (6)
27. Cold? Down under there's nothing to it. (5,4)
28. I'd get the air around here! (5)
29. " . . . , the interest paid by those who borrow trouble". (5)
30. See 1A.

DOWN

1. Where lust appears perverted? (6)
2. A means by which Merlin gave — (7)
3. — this enchanting display. (7)
4. But there's more than coffee served in it! (4)
5. Dined on bad pears at the "Ex"—bringing it all up, of course. (10)
6. Even the well-dressed man is knot stuck with them nowadays. (7)
7. Not happy about that old instrument? The officer expected to be! (7)
8. Bury Stalin? It's been done! (8)
13. When nine, Hector stumbled over his words. (10)
16. Weapon to reach the other side of an Alberta river. (8)
18. New Canadian who pays his bills? (7)
19. Mary, wait! I get off here and change tracks. (7)
21. He took part with historic ardor. (7)
22. Said "yes" to the policy surrendered on account. (7)
23. A tangle of traffic without end is a tax on anyone! (6)
26. See 1A.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 23.
6. Hang
10. Carlyle
11. Tripoli
12, 25. Senate
13. Piano pedal
16. Rashness
17. Credit
18. Settee
20. Shoehorn
24. Overthrown
25. See 12
28. Russian
29. Earache
30. Tone
31, 9. The Scarlet Pimpernel

DOWN

1. Race
2. Vergers
3. Lays
4. Tiepins
5. Ostend
7. Avoided
8. Guillotine
9. See 31
14. Aristocrat
15. Uncertain
19. Treason
21. Howlers
22. Optical
23, 1A. French Revolution
26. Ursa
27. Next

(356)

Business

Chief Benefit from Seaway Power Not Navigation

By J. M. THOMPSON

CANADA EXPORTS approximately 25 per cent of its national production to the world markets, most of which consists of bulk primary goods such as grains, wood pulp, newsprint, ferrous and non-ferrous minerals. It is essential that it should have low cost transportation for the successful marketing of these products. Therefore, the importance of the St. Lawrence Seaway to Canada as a whole cannot be overstressed. However, the benefits of the Seaway will not be an unmixed blessing; there are sure to be many areas that will experience at least some temporary dislocation, although I am sure these will be greatly outweighed by the cumulative advantages.

While all Canadians are interested in the Seaway, it has captured the imagination of the people of Ontario who have shown unbounded confidence that its completion will give another marked impetus to the tremendous industrial expansion that has already taken place, particularly in the "Golden Horseshoe" area, extending from Oshawa to the Welland Canal.

Undoubtedly, during the period of construction of the Seaway, Ontario industry is bound to be greatly benefited from such a major undertaking involving such a large capital expenditure. However, I think it would be well to be somewhat critical in assessing the value that the Seaway, on its completion, might afford to industry in Ontario. Ontario is primarily a manufacturing province. Its principal industries are newsprint and wood pulp, mining of ferrous and non-ferrous metals, manufacture of iron and steel, and production of a broad range of industrial products including automobiles, farm implements, electrical products and textiles.

Approximately 85 per cent of the exports of the newsprint industry go to the United States and, generally speaking, this trade flows north to south and should not be affected by the opening of the Seaway. Of course, it is possible that through lower transportation costs overseas markets might become available to the industry, although it must be recognized that the interior markets of the United States served by the industry would also be opened to overseas competition. I would guess that the industry would do well if it is able to hold its present position.

It is difficult to believe that a differential in freight will result in any significant expansion in the mining of ferrous and non-ferrous metals. Such a differential would not, of itself, be sufficient to stimulate increased production from present levels or accelerate exploration and development of new mining properties.

The manufacturers of iron and steel products will, undoubtedly, be the major beneficiaries from the Seaway. However, this is due to the fact that the rich ore bodies of the United States, from which they have been able to obtain their requirements in the past, are now largely depleted. The Seaway will enable them to replace this source of essential iron ore from the deposits in Labrador without any increase in present costs. Were it not for this development, it is possible that in the next few years they would have to increase their steel prices by approximately $2.00 per ton because of the necessity of having to use lower grade iron ore. The Seaway is simply perpetuating an advantage which the iron and steel industry already enjoys and, therefore, will not, of itself, create an expansion of the steel industry by reason of the availability of this low-cost ore. Also, Ontario markets will be more readily available to the producers in the Maritimes.

Lower transportation costs to or from the seacoast will not have any appreciable effect on Ontario industry other than in possibly a comparatively small number of industries which are dependent upon the use of bulk raw materials from abroad, or whose finished products, by their very nature, entail high transportation costs and are marketed either in Eastern Canada or abroad. At the present time, a wide range of Ontario industries is suffering from the severest foreign competition and is experiencing great difficulty in meeting it. If transportation is an important element of cost to any one of these industries, then they are going to be faced with a further lowering of their protection by the removal of a natural trade barrier. This can only add to the present competitive difficulties of many of these industries.

It is the accepted economic policy of

A SKETCH of the proposed St. Lawrence Power Priority Project, showing the main dam at the Long Sault Rapids.

Mr. Thompson is Vice-President of The Canadian Westinghouse Company, Ltd. This is a digest of a speech he recently delivered.

our Government that the growth and prosperity of Canada is dependent upon finding markets abroad for our agricultural products and our natural resources. These products, of course, come from all parts of our country, and the advent of new low-cost transportation into the very centre of Canada should be a great stimulus to the movement of such bulk products where the cost of transportation is an important element in their marketing. But if we are to find markets for these primary products, we must be prepared to import finished goods in return.

It is frequently stated that opening up the Seaway will enable Canadian manufacturers to compete more effectively abroad. Even if lower transportation costs substantially reduce the export costs of manufactured goods, the two large trading areas of the world, the United States and the sterling areas, would still be virtually closed by customs regulations and currency restrictions to Canadian manufacturers.

Thus I find it most difficult to support the commonly accepted viewpoint that Ontario's industrial activity will be greatly accelerated due to the completion of the Seaway, unless there is a dramatic change in international trade by the time it is opened.

The greatest single factor which will benefit Ontario industry is the generation of an additional 1.1 million horsepower of electricity. This represents half of the additional capacity, which is to be shared equally by Ontario and the State of New York. This electricity will be fed to the power grid serving Southern Ontario, available at half the cost to the Ontario Hydro of that being produced at the new Sir Adam Beck Generating Station at Niagara Falls and a third of the cost of steam-generated electricity.

Ontario's industry, which consumes approximately two-thirds of the electricity produced in the Province, has long shared in the advantage of low-cost electrical energy. If normal growth continues, comparable to that experienced in the last decade, steam plants would have to be installed with subsequent increased rates to cover these higher costs. However, this new source of energy from the Seaway will enable the Hydro to continue for some time to provide the advantages of low-cost energy which Ontario industry has enjoyed for so many years.

This cheap electrical energy is of the utmost importance to Ontario industry. However, I do not believe that the opening of our ports on the Great Lakes to ocean-going traffic will, of itself, greatly stimulate industrial activity. On the contrary, I visualize that the opening of these ports to ocean traffic will increase the severe competition already being felt by many long-established manufacturing industries.

Insurance

Protection in Finance - Purchasing Cars

By William Sclater

SINCE 126,151 of the 309,837 new passenger cars bought in Canada last year were sold under finance purchase agreements, the importance of proper insurance on cars purchased in this way cannot be exaggerated.

Too often an auto salesman's comment, "This car's insured — that's all included", misleads some inexperienced drivers into believing that, because they obviously have some insurance, which they've paid for under the purchase agreement, they have no need of any more, even though it is printed in red on every purchase agreement that the car is not insured against third-party liability.

Finance companies are not insurers, and they do not pretend to be. They have no particular interest in whether a man is eligible for full insurance coverage or is a person who can only be handled through the Assigned Risk Plan, as 50,000 Ontario drivers have been in the past five years.

The primary interest of any financing company is in the protection of the property being sold, in this case an automobile, until the instalments have been paid and the auto becomes the sole property of the purchaser. For that reason, such insurance coverages as are arranged by finance companies are usually for fire, theft and collision only.

How much real protection does that amount to? At the best the total amount at risk is the actual value of the car if it is destroyed by fire, is stolen and not recovered, or is smashed up in a collision.

Daily Hazards

But what protection is there against the liability of every car driver to the public, in the event of accident causing death or bodily injury, or against property damage to the property of other people?

These are the real hazards to which every driver is exposed, and how real they are is being demonstrated daily on our streets and highways. The insurance covering the actual value of the car, which may average less than $2,000, is a comparatively small amount to be held liable for compared with the staggering debt that may be incurred through the hazards of public liability and property damage.

A public liability case following an accident on the Queen Elizabeth Way outside Toronto brought judgment against the driver in excess of $100,000. He had insurance protection, which amounted to minimum limits of $5,000 only for public liability. For another dollar or so he could have been fully protected.

A passenger auto skidding out of control on an icy road surface sideswiped one passenger car with minor damage and then veered across the highway to strike the trailer of a tractor trailer which the driver had pulled over onto the other shoulder and brought to a virtual standstill in order to try and avoid collision. The trailer toppled over into the ditch and the cargo caught fire as a consequence.

That driver had property damage insurance amounting to $1,000. It wasn't much use to him. The trailer was loaded with valuable cargo and the loss was computed at more than $100,000. The driver lost his home and his life savings meeting his liability; a visit to any reputable insurance agent would have shown him how he could have been completely protected for little more than another dollar a year through his insurance policy.

It is negligence which is so largely responsible for the failure to purchase adequate insurance. The facts are plain enough as pointed up in the accident toll for Ontario alone in a single year. More than 110,000 were involved in accidents. Property damage, which increased by 24.7 per cent over the previous year, reached a total of more than $24 million. If indirect costs such as medical expense and loss of wages were added the total would amount to more than $90 million. Auto accidents in this one year resulted in the deaths of 1,082 people and injury to 23,634.

There is no way of computing just how many cars are purchased on some form of financing in Canada each year. The figure of 126,151 passenger autos was compiled from the auto finance companies that report figures. There were also 28,005 commercial vehicles purchased on time last year out of a total of 72,045 sold. Some drivers finance the purchase of a car through a loan from a bank or a small loan company.

Insuring of autos purchased on a finance purchase agreement is a controversial subject on which there is much difference of opinion, as there is on compulsory auto insurance. But the onus for the purchase of adequate insurance is on the auto purchaser. His responsibility should be brought home to him, for it is a responsibility to the public.

Who's Who in Business

Rewarding Experiences

By John Irwin

C. GUY GRACE, president of Colgate-Palmolive, one of Canada's biggest producers of toilet goods and cosmetics, is the sort of executive who believes in working hard and getting fun out of it. "Nothing," he says, "is more enjoyable than to become involved in a complicated business problem and come up with a sound, workable solution. It is also fun to travel, to read good books, see good plays and athletic games and to have stimulating conversation with business associates and other friends."

Ashley & Crippen

C. GUY GRACE

Of medium height and "a pound or two overweight", he is a balding, suave, well - dressed man with an air of crisp alertness. The neatness of his desk in his comfortably furnished modern office on the seventh floor of the factory in Toronto's east end, reveals a meticulous mind.

Born at Albany, near Kansas City, Missouri, on May 18, 1907, he studied advertising and sales management at Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois. In 1929, "when jobs were not easy to get", he sold subscriptions to trade publications. The Wall Street crash lost him the job, but shortly afterwards he had a "break". While walking down a Chicago street, he recalled once having met the personnel director of Colgate-Palmolive Company, and so he went to see him. "I was surprised when I immediately got a job in the export department. Weeks later I discovered that the director had not recalled our earlier meeting but had mistaken me for an applicant answering an ad."

During his first ten years' service he moved with the company's headquarters from Chicago to New York, and held several positions of increasing responsibility. In 1939 he was appointed general manager of the company's business in the British West Indies and Haiti, with headquarters in Jamaica. At 32 he was the youngest general manager of Colgate's international group of 28 companies. He spent the war years in the West Indies and had his share of "unusual experiences such as hurricanes, earthquakes and riots".

He was transferred to the South American Republic of Colombia in 1948, arriving in Bogota a few days after major riots had taken place. Between the state of siege, which the country was then under, learning Spanish and endeavoring to reorganize a business that was losing money, "there were no dull moments".

When he came to Toronto in April, 1954, as executive vice - president to Charles Vint, whom he succeeded as president on the first of January this year, he says that "It really felt wonderful to be back in a free, democratic country". He has no particular desire for further changes in position or location, but his main ambition is to be "completely successful" here, and "ably supported by my efficient executive team and the loyalty of our 1,000 workers from coast to coast across Canada, I am confident of achieving that ambition".

In 1933 he married Dorothy M. Johnson of Waterloo, Iowa, whom he met in Chicago. With their two children, Philip, aged 18, and Joan, 13, they live in a spacious, modern house in Willowdale.

Mr. Grace is an avid reader of business books and periodicals, but for relaxation enjoys historical novels and an occasional detective story or Western yarn. He enjoys the performances of Jackie Gleason and Jack Benny and, of course, the Colgate Comedy Hour. For several years hobbies have been sidetracked, but he now hopes to get down to a little woodworking and some photography, which have interested him for years.

He strongly urges young men, seeking ultimate positions as senior executives, to have foreign service experience. "This can be most interesting; you come up against complex difficulties which must be solved on the spot and the experience, on the whole, will be highly rewarding."

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NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending March 31, 1955, payable on April 15, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 15, 1955.

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Starratt Olsen

WOULD YOU consider Starratt Olsen as a wise speculation at the present market?—A. A. S., Winnipeg, Man.

With the unsatisfactory gold mining conditions prevalent throughout the world, it has been difficult for small gold producers to maintain an operating profit. Starratt Olsen is no exception. In the year ending 1953 a loss of $272,000 was reported as against a slim operating profit of $8,000 in the previous year. Some relief is expected for 1955 as the change in the government's cost-aid subsidy will provide the company with $120,000. Previous payments were $98,000.

Extensive exploration has been carried on below the 1,900 ft. level, but results have been disappointing. This presents the greatest difficulty to successful operation as ore reserves have shown a considerable depletion over the last few years. While the figures are not complete, the tonnage available above the 1,400 ft. level, where the bulk of the mining has been conducted, is reported at 52,000 tons, which is down considerably from the 109,000 tons in 1952. As production is running considerably higher, the life expectancy of this mine is short.

Unless further exploration uncovers new ore bodies, it would not be surprising for the mine to cease operations in the near future. Investing in a company of this sort seems risky with little chance of capital appreciation.

Rix Athabaska

I HOLD shares in Rix Athabaska Uranium Mines purchased in 1953 at $2.50 per share. Why should this stock be selling at $1.40 when other stocks of companies that have only drill holes are selling much higher? What are the prospects for this company and what are the chances of recovering my loss?—J. K., Toronto.

To answer your several questions, let us begin with the chart of the price action of the stock. From the low of 70 cents in 1951, the price advanced to $1.70 and oscillated between $1.10 and $1.75 until the beginning of 1953. Then, in the uranium market of early 1953, drilling news and the endeavors of the underwriters lifted the price rapidly to the high of $3.40. Distribution then took command of the market and the steady pressure of selling orders eventually forced the price back down to a low of $1.05 last July. The reader will note the similarity of the formations that preceded and terminated the advance.

With the pressure of liquidation ending, a similar formation has been under construction for over a year with the price movement being confined between $1.20 and $1.50 since last October.

While all this has gone on in the market, the work of bringing the mine into production went ahead and last April shipments to the Eldorado mill commenced under the contract. The annual report for the nine months of operation showed a gross revenue of $615,041 which, after deducting the operating costs of $345,018 for the entire year, provided an operating profit of $270,023. While the terms of the contract are secret, due to security regulations, it is evident that it is a profitable one; Rix was the first public company in Canada to show a profit on uranium mining. The paradox of why the stock should remain near the bottom while the stocks of other companies with only drill holes are trading furiously at much higher prices provides a lesson to all who would trade mining stocks.

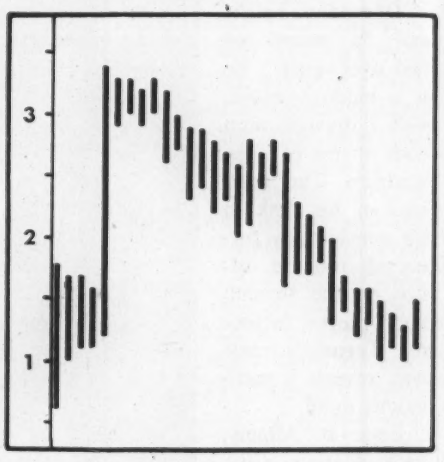

Chart by N. A. de Munnik

In the first stages of development money must be raised by a company to finance the diamond drilling and other exploratory work. Stock is purchased in blocks by an underwriter and sold to the public. If a commercial ore body is outlined by the diamond drilling and further blocks of stock are underwritten, then the underwriters, to distribute the stock "make a market" to attract buyers who hope to sell at a higher price.

Then, as the company begins the long, rough road to the production stage, speculators who bought for a quick profit dispose of their stock and these offerings, plus the distribution of Treasury stock,

force the stock down again to complete the market cycle.

The next phase begins when speculators, who have followed the affairs of the company, begin to accumulate stock in the expectation that later on the improvement in the affairs of the company will attract trading and push the price up again.

Rix appears to be at the re-accumulation stage now and market action should be stimulated if the block of 300,000 shares at $1.25 underwritten last December is marketed.

From the chart, it appears that an advance out of the narrow trading range under $1.55 could broaden out on the stimulation of favorable news. And, if the first resistance or supply zone near $2.00 is surmounted, it could possibly extend to the next resistance level above $2.50.

Meanwhile, as the prospects of the company's continuing to make profits and develop more ore seem good, you can exercise your patience a little more and wait and hope for a recovery to your purchase price.

Sherritt Gordon

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Sherritt Gordon and what are the prospects of dividends? Could this stock be considered a sound investment?—V. G. E., Creighton Mines, Ont.*

With the completion of the refinery at Fort Saskatchewan, Sherritt Gordon has commenced refining nickel concentrates from their mine at Lynn Lake. Initial production in the last few months gives every indication that profitable operation can be expected from the new ammonia leaching process. High grade ore reserves at the Lynn Lake property, estimated at 14 million tons, are sufficient to provide continuous production for the next 20 years at the indicated rate of 2,000 tons per day.

Nickel prices have resisted the general weakening, prevalent in the other base metals, which indicates that a reasonable balance between supply and demand still exists. The heavy demand of industry for this metal, where it is needed for the manufacture of stainless steels and special ferrous alloys, coupled with the large stockpiling purchases of the U.S. Government, assures a ready market for some time to come. Contracts for all of Sherritt's nickel production and half of its copper were signed with the U.S. Government and four major steel companies. It should be noted that the contract prices are lower than prevailing prices.

A large funded debt exists, which has been further augmented by the high costs of constructing the refinery and bringing the mine into production. These have exceeded the original estimates by 33 per cent and consequently the capitalization had to be increased to where 8 million

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shares are now outstanding. The funded debt, standing at $27 million, will postpone payment of a common dividend for many years. It is estimated that three main sources of income—mineral production, by-products such as fertilizer and other chemicals and royalties from the use of metallurgical processes — should earn the company a gross revenue of $15-16 million annually. With initial difficulties overcome, a net revenue of $8 million will be available for the retirement of funded debt.

The stimulation provided by the shift of operation in 1951 from the property at Sherridon, where the ore body was exhausted, to the site at Lynn Lake, resulted in a broad advance from a low of $2.60 to a high of $5.80. From that point heavy offerings forced a retreat to $3.75, where a trading range developed holding the price under $4.25 for the better part of a year. With the new facilities on the verge of completion and production assured, the price has lifted to a recent high of $5.40, followed by a reaction to under the five dollar level. Considerable difficulty is being encountered in the narrow range of $4.75-5.25, which the stock has moved in for several months and it would appear that this selling pressure would continue for some time. The direction that the stock takes in emerging from this formation should be an indication of its future course of action. A spill through $4.75 should bring about a test of the support of $4.25 and, conversely, a decisive rise through $5.50 might be considered as a signal for a strong advance.

For accounts where some degree of speculation is permissible, the combination of sound management and good property makes the stock appear suitable for long-term capital appreciation. It is not recommended where income and safety of capital are the prime requisites.

National Drug

WHAT IS *your opinion of the preferred shares of National Drug & Chemical as an investment? Would you recommend these shares as a replacement for common stocks that I have sold recently. I am reluctant to pay premiums for bonds because of the low yield.—S. E., Montreal.*

The question of investment for income is a difficult one to solve with all types of securities from common stocks to bonds selling at prices that afford low yields.

There is ample evidence of speculation in all types of securities and at all levels of the market. Top quality common stocks, such as Aluminium, at a recent high of 83, yielding only 2.4 per cent and Du Pont of Canada at 27¼, yielding only 1.8 per cent, have moved entirely out of the category of a conservative investment.

While these are classed as growth companies, the high price earnings ratios of 37-1 for Aluminium and 73-1 for Du Pont makes one wonder whether they have not only amply discounted the future but part of the hereafter as well.

The prices of bonds and preferred stocks have been greatly influenced by the trend set in interest rates and the money market by Ottawa. While it appears that Ottawa is taking a divergent course from that being pursued by the monetary authorities in the United States and Great Britain, with the objective of bringing the Canadian dollar lower in relationship to the United States dollar, the possibility of this trend being halted by the changes in the British and American money markets must be considered.

In Britain the bank rate has recently been raised to 4½ per cent as a dampener to inflation and in the United States the Federal Reserve is allowing the money markets to tighten, as indicated by the declining trend of the Dow Jones bond average over the past two months. This is apparently aimed at damping off the flow of money into housing, the stock market and consumer credit.

Against this background, the yield of 4.3 per cent at $14.00 on the 60 cent dividend paid on these shares appears reasonable for the short term. The earnings and payment record of the company are good and under the influence of the factors noted above, the stock has advanced from its low of 11½ last year to where it may challenge the 1948 high of 15⅝.

Its convertibility into common stock has influenced the advance since earnings on the common hold the potential of an increase in the dividend.

Thus, at the present time this preferred appears attractive for short term investment with the possibility of some capital gain.

In Brief

I HAVE *shares of Federal Kirkland which I bought many years ago. Should I sell or hold?—D. M., Weston, Ont.*

Sell.

CAN YOU *give me any information regarding Ashley Gold & Oil? Should I sell or hold?—H. Y. S., Vancouver.*

It is now Western Ashley. Underwriting activity might stimulate a little action.

CAN YOU *give me any encouraging information on Western Tungsten?—H. E. H., Victoria.*

None in sight.

HAVE YOU *any comment on New Jason? —J. F. A., Sherbrooke, Que.*

Not interesting.

IS THERE *a chance that Nicola Mines can stage a recovery?—C. S., Montreal.*

No.

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Pulp & Paper Industry *of* Canada

131 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A

A THROATLINE CIRCLET *of dull golden-tone nuggets and shiny white beads interspersed with sparkling baguettes, complete with drop earrings. Trifari jewellery is exclusive with Birks in Canada. This set may be obtained at Toronto Birks: necklace, $11 and earrings, $6.*

Conversation Pieces:

THE VERNAL EQUINOX is still around the corner, but we can recognize spring already by signs that always out-run the calendar. It's spring when the front pages begin to announce the first robin instead of the number of citizens who have been burned out by overheated pipes; when gum wrappers and empty coke bottles appear on the side lawn in place of abandoned fish and chip cartons; when plastic galoshes begin to replace gabardine, and the voice of the turtle announces itself in borrowed pink chalk on our north wall (Butchie loves Shirley). It is also a sign of the resurrected season when the scientists stop warning the human race that it is eating itself out of house and home, and begin to speculate on the possibilities of plankton and sea-moss.

It is a sure sign of spring when our cat Minnie ventures a whisker outdoors, like a swimmer testing the water. Then when the door that lets Minnie out lets the first brush salesman of the season in, we know that the sun has crossed the equator, no matter what the calendar says.

IT IS ALSO A SIGN OF SPRING when workmen arrive at your door to announce that, while busy on a neighboring roof, they noticed that your chimney was crumbling, that a dozen slates were missing and that the ridgeroll had worked loose. There isn't much the homeowner can do about this. For the average householder, the roof is a completely unknown region, as inaccessible as the super-ego and as mysteriously defective as the id. As a rule he tells the visitor to go ahead with repairs, then retires inside the house in the hopeless knowledge that if the roof is sound the roofer is working a racket, and if the roofer is really an honest man, then his roof is—alas—coming apart. Don't, says the Better Business Bureau, employ any itinerant repair-man without investigation. And especially don't employ anyone who applies after five p.m., when the Better Business office is closed for the day. (This warning reached us two days after we had employed a pair of clear-eyed young men, with scaling ladders and pots of steaming tar, to fix our roof. They spent twenty-five minutes on the roof, collected thirty dollars and went away. We have no way of knowing whether they occupied the time in repairing the roof or in a game of pinochle.)

NOW IT IS Senior U.S. Diplomat Don Bliss who has come out against the cocktail party. Diplomat Bliss describes the cocktail party as the curse of our time and useless for business. He favors the small dinner party for diplomatic exchange. "After dinner, when the men are left alone in the dining-room with their cigars, that's when minds really rub together," he recently pointed out. This throws an interesting light on Ottawa social procedure. Ladies still "withdraw", it seems, leaving the men to their cigars, exactly as they did in the days of William Ewart Gladstone. How do the feminine guests amuse themselves during the withdrawal period? Knit, gossip, rub *their* minds together, or just pair off and go to the movies? The system, we feel, calls for a modern set of house-rules; for example, women guests who are interested in diplomatic exchange may remain, but must not interfere with the rubbing together of minds, and women guests who are not interested may withdraw.

For this year's late Easter Season:

Canadian Ranch Mink

ABOVE: a finger-tip jacket, called "Voyageur", designed by Christian Dior from pedigreed dark Canadian ranch mink. All Dior furs are exclusive with Holt Renfrew in Canada.

AT LEFT: a shoulder-moulded stole with pointed ends, in pedigreed dark Canadian ranch mink, designed by Ritter Brothers of New York and Montreal. Also at Hudson's Bay in Vancouver.

A Live Racing Stable Started This

Collection of China Horses

MRS. W. J. FOX of Vancouver has a collection of some 25 china horses, including jumpers and steeplechase figurines. Her interest began some years ago when she and her husband bought two saddle horses for their own riding pleasure and later purchased five racing horses. The stable was sold about five years ago, but Mrs. Fox's interest in china horses remains.

Much of her collection stands on the mantel of the large fireplace in the Fox livingroom, and as most of them are brown in color, they show up clearly against the salmon pink wall.

Designer Mollie Parnis is also a collector of china horses. She has a few of her 100 pieces on display in her couture salon in New York.

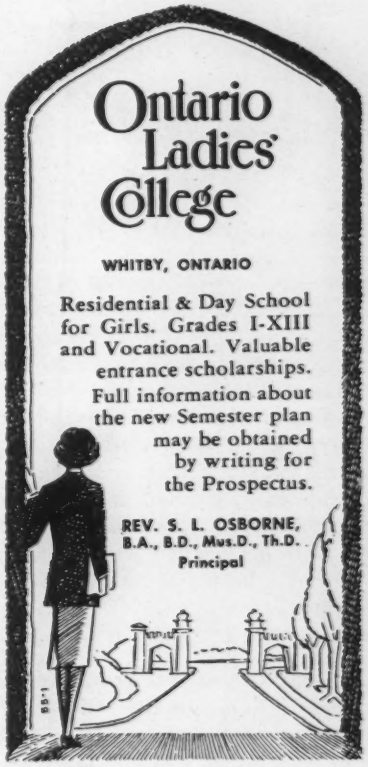
One of the most charming studies in this kind of ceramics is that of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on "Winston", made in a limited edition by the Worcester Royal Porcelain company. Their horse series also includes such unusual figurines as a horse with a polo player (about 6¾ inches high), a hog hunting group and circus horses (over 10 inches high).

Nude female figures on horses seem to be popular subjects. Rosenthal China has one similar in mood to the one photographed above, except that the horse is prancing and one of the woman's arms is outflung. Rosenthal also has an interesting model of a Mexican rider showing a horse in dressage. The horse is off-white and the rider is wearing a brilliant orange costume with gold sash and black-brimmed Mexican hat. It is designed by von Meisel and stands 21 inches high.

A WELL-KNOWN *horse figurine, made by Schauback Kunst, Germany. The nude girl is in dull flesh color, the horse in shiny white. This is an enlargement of the figurine in the photograph at the bottom of the page.*

Eric Skipsey

MRS. W. J. FOX *of Vancouver, with a few pieces from her collection of horse figurines.*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Letters

Constitutional Reform

IN YOUR EDITORIAL on the need for constitutional reform, you apparently accept the proposition that a Bill of Rights must be incorporated in the constitution. This is not necessary. A Bill of Rights could be passed by the Canadian Parliament as a sort of adjunct to the constitution, as proposed by John Diefenbaker, MP, which would make a reference to the Parliament of the United Kingdom unnecessary. In this fashion a Bill of Rights could be secured without us having to go through a long, involved and bitter controversy about the constitution—one that would probably end just where it started, with the old British North America Act untouched . . .

Vancouver MARY H. ABERNATHY

. . . THERE IS no real ground for constitutional reform. Justice Minister Garson has given a convincing argument against adoption of a Bill of Rights (present laws are a sufficient guarantee of freedom), and it applies just as much to the adoption of changes to the constitution. The Supreme Court of Canada is quite competent to clarify the meaning of the British North America Act. I suspect that your demand for a change springs from a desire to strengthen the central government at the expense of the provinces . . .

Montreal J.-P. LAVRENDEAU

Unemployment Insurance

IT'S HIGH TIME that an abuse of the original intention of our Unemployment Insurance System was corrected.

Single girls who have been employed and then get married, who work a specified short period after marriage, may draw Unemployment Insurance benefits for as long as if they were genuinely unemployed.

The only possible excuse for such a condition would be to encourage the production of progeny but that does not always follow.

It will be argued that the girls have paid for the benefits and are therefore entitled to receive them, but that would apply also to men who are steadily employed and never do draw Unemployment Insurance.

This insurance scheme was inaugurated for the relief of genuine unemployment—not to serve as a Marriage Dowry.

Port Arthur, Ont. J. H. MCLENNAN

Beer Money

I AM AMAZED at the bland literary dishonesty of your editorial associating Dr. J. R. Mutchmor with "a blind hatred of an honest business".

You are quite aware that "blind hatred" is not in the remotest way a phrase to be associated with that very fine Christian gentleman. You are also fully aware that the O'Keefe offer of a $12 million civic centre is simply an astute piece of sales promotion. To describe this kind of sales promotion as "honest business" is a complete prostitution of the English language and a betrayal of the standards of good journalism . . .

Kincardine, Ont. (REV.) WILLIAM LAKE

YOU UNDOUBTEDLY have had a deluge of letters from angry prohibitionists about your comment on brewing companies and civic centres. It would be odd if it were not so, because there are no more vocal people in the country than those opposed to the sale of alcoholic beverages. Moderate people are moderate in everything, including their reactions to the beliefs and opinions of others. That is why the anti-alcohol fanatics have been able to impose on this country a patchwork of liquor systems that seems screamingly funny to any foreign visitor but can be only a source of embarrassment to any reasonable native. While the fanatic minority yells, the moderate majority keeps quiet—with the inevitable result. . .

Winnipeg ERIC COLQUHOUN

Civil Defence

THANKS for your comment on civil defence. . . It is obvious that both federal and provincial authorities refuse to face the facts of atomic life. It is obvious, too, that the first steps in any program of civil defence must be these: the provision of proper shelters for all those people working and living in the heart of a city; and the planning of a rapid, orderly evacuation for those living away from the centre. There are several logical follow-ups to these initial steps: a warning system that will inform civilians of estimated time before attack, provision of means for evacuation, care of refugees and so on. These are the matters with which the authorities should be busying themselves . . .

Ottawa ALBERT STINSON

YOUR REPEATED criticism of civil defence preparations can do no good. Indeed, it could even be considered subversive . . . The silliest thing possible is to reach the conclusion that because the new weapons are so devastating all we can do is to sit in dumb horror and wait to be blasted out of existence . . . This is what you apparently think should be done . . .

Brandon, Man. I. E. ERICSON

Drug Problem

. . . WHY, as a young country cannot Canada learn from and follow England's solution of this most difficult of all problems (narcotics) instead of the delay and expense of setting up a Senate committee?

England has had this problem for years. In this connection I quote from a news item of Sept. 8, 1952: "The British Home Office stated that it had only 306 registered addicts in all this country with its teeming 50 millions." In comparison with these figures, Vancouver alone with a population of only 344,833 (1951 census) has between 1,400 and 2,000.

If the profit motive is removed, the drug menace will gradually decrease of its own accord . . . It is an established fact that the jailing of drug addicts does nothing to stop drug addiction. Medical care in an institution followed by a rehabilitation program is the only method of healing these pitiable, pathetic people.

Vancouver D. SCOTT ASHDOWN

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